MISCHEEFES MYSTERIE:

OR,

Treasons Master-peece,

The Powder-plot.

Inuented by hellish Malice, preuented by heauenly *Mercy : truely related.*

And from the Latine of the learned and reuerend Doctour HERRING *translated, and very much dilated.*

By IOHN VICARS.



The gallant *Eagle*, soaring vp on high:
Beares in his beake, *Treasons* discouery.
MOVNT, noble EAGLE, with thy happy prey,
And thy rich *Prize* toth' *King* with speed conuay.

LONDON,
Printed by E. GRIFFIN, dwelling in the Little Olde Bayly neere the signe of the Kings-head. 1617.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, Sr. IOHN LEMMON *Knight, Lord Maior of the moſt famous City of* London, and to the Right Worſhipfull Sr. *William Crauen Knight*, Alderman of London, and Preſident of *Chriſts Hoſpitall*, with the Worſhipfull Mr. *Richard Heath* TREASVRER, together with all the Right Worſhipfull and Worſhipfull Gouernours thereof, IOHN VICARS wiſheth all *externall* happineſſe, and *internall* peace of conſcience in this life, and *eternall* beatitude in the life to come.

AS diuers cauſes (*Right Honourable, Right Worſhipfull, & my moſt worthy Patrones*) do produce diuers effects: ſo diuers motiues do neceſſarily incite & ſtimulate all men to diuers actions & intentions. Now therfore there be 3. eſpeciall motiues which do at this time induce, nay compell mee to dedicate theſe my poore Labours rather to your Honour and Worſhips, then to any others, to whom indeed the Hiſtory it ſelfe might ſeeme more peculiarly to appertaine. First, becauſe as this deluge of deſtruction intended by the barbarous butchers of Rome, had beene (indeed Catholike and) vniuerſall to the whole kingdom: So your Honor and Worſhips being the high-topt Cedars of Lebanon, chiefe Magiſtrates of this famous City of London, eſpecially beeing pious profeſſors of Chriſts verity, ſhould alſo haue had no ſmall part, yea too too great and inſupportable a portion

and ponderous burthen of ſorrow and lamentation in this vnparaleld proiect of the Pouder-treaſon. *The ſecond Motiue is that ſince I amongeſt many hundred poore* Orphanes *foſtered in that bleſſed houſe of Piety, Pitty, and Charity, that Sanctuary of your Cities ſafeguard, yea that* Blocke-houſe *of defence (as ſo I may terme it) againſt Heauens iuſtly deſerued iudgements, which but for the due and daily prayers elſewhere, and thence forcibly and (no doubt) effectually aſcending, we might expect to fall vpon vs: I meane* Chriſts Hoſpitall *whereof your* Honour *and* Worſhips *are principall* Patrones, *and moſt godly* Gouernours, Et ô fælicia ſæcula, quæ vos tales genuere Parentes. *I, I ſay (as to Gods glory, your endles credit, and my no leſſe comfort, I doe moſt thankefully acknowledge, and ingenuouſly confeſſe) hauing ſuckt from the breſts of your* Charity, etiam ab origine prima, *euen from mine infancy, the ſweet milke of comfortable education and pious inſtitution, muſt thereby iuſtly alſo confeſſe that whatſoeuer is mine, is moſt properly yours, as being deriued from the ouer-flowing ſtreames and radiant Sunbeames of your bounty and benignity to mee exhibited. Therefore as* acceptam refero *is the* Moones *motto: ſo* Quod recepi retribui, *muſt with no leſſe reciprocall due be mine:* At, at, ô ſi, dignas perſoluere grates opis eſſet meæ, *but alas, it is not (ô would to God it were) in my power condignely to remunerate your deſerued merites. The third and laſt motiue or motion to this my dedication is, that ſince this tranſlated* Poeme *is my firſt* Eſſay *and* aſſay *of what my weak faculty could effect, being indeed better meant then made, and finiſhed with much defect & feebleneſſe, defect I ſay of Rhetoricall flouriſhes, and feeblenes, in regard I haue beene but a meane proficient, if not a meere Trewant in the Schoole of the* Muſes, *hauing e're cropt few or none of thoſe odoriferous fragrant flow-*

ers

ers which grow vpon, and moſt gorgeouſly doe garniſh the pleaſant banks of Parnaſſus, *nor ſcarcely euer ſipt of the auriſluous and melliſluous ſtreames of* Vrania's *learned fountaine, hauing beene (oh too too ſoone) wained from the breſts of my ſacred* Mother *the moſt famous Vniuerſity of* Oxford, *and therefore like a weakling ſo feebly walking, as ſcarce able to goe alone without your* Honourable *and* Worſhipfull *protection, yet in regard it is the* Primitiæ *of that meane* Talent *which the* Lord *by you his moſt bleſſed inſtruments hath lent vnto mee, which (whatſoeuer it is, as indeede it is but ſmall) rather then I would hide it in the ground of ingratitude, I haue beene bould, emboldned by theſe conſiderations, but eſpecially by the experimentall proofe of your* Lordſhips *and* Worſhips *wonted fauours, and moſt courteous diſpoſitions in all humility to offer the ſame to your* Honours *and* Worſhips *pious* Patronage *and peruſe, moſt ſubmiſſely intreating you (*Right Honourable, Right Worſhipfull, *and my moſt worthy* Mecænaces*) that as,* ex paruis magna, ex vngue Leonem, & ex pede Herculem: *A man may ſee day light through a ſmall creuice: ſo you would be pleaſed fauourably to accept this ſmall preſent as a pledge of mine obliged duty, and as a* Symbole *of my ſeruice, which is, and euer ſhall be wholly at your* Lordſhips *and* Worſhips *command. Which your courteous acceptation I deſire, not ſo much for mine owne ſake, as for the* Hiſtory *it ſelfe, and that not ſo much for the manner as the matter,* et res ipſa loquatur, *let the matter it ſelfe ſpeake for it ſelfe,* num ruminari & recordari cordibus piorũ omniũ per vniuerſam Britanniæ regionem, *Whether all true-hearted Engliſh proteſtants haue not iuſt cauſe to ruminate & record to all ſucceeding ages, the memory of this matchles Machination, & plotted* Pouder-treaſon, *whereof if I ſhould heere enter into a copious diſcourſe, it would*

adminiſter ſuch an Ocean *of ouerflowing turbulent waues of deſtruction, ſuch a world of wonder and admired accidents, and ſuch a map of miſery and miſchiefe, yea ſuch an endleſſe boundleſſe extent of greeuous aggrauations, that I might with the ſorrowfull* Troian Prince, Infandos renouare dolores, & totos vos in lachrymas reſoluere, *Tell you ſuch a wofull tale as might with the* Prophet Ieremy *turne your heads into fountaines of teares: for* Quis talia fando (niſi Papiſta crudelis) temperet a lachrymis, *none doubtleſſe but the* Pharaonicall *hard-hearted* Papiſt *could chooſe but be exceedingly ſorrowfull thereat; yea and heereby I might rather write a large Volume, than a ſhort* Epiſtle, *for my part I cannot but* horreſcere referens, *euen tremble at the relation thereof. But not to wrong your Lordſhips and Worſhips patience with too much prolixity in this Epiſtle, leſt thereby I ſeem to ſet a great paire of Gates to a little City, I will conclude of it, as a certaine graue* Senator *did of a former ancient Treaſon, farre inferiour to this,* Repertum eſſe facinus, quod nec Poetæ fingere, nec Hiſtrio ſonare, nec mimus imitari poterit, *that by Heauens prouidence ſuch a trecherous villany is diſcouered, as neuer any* Poet *could faine the like, no* Stage-player *euer Act the like, nor* Mimus *euer imitate the like, which ſince it is ſo difficult to deſcribe, I will heerein imitate, though my ſelfe moſt vnskilfull, the skilfull Painter* Timanthes *of whom it is recorded, that being to deſcribe and paint out the wofull Tragedy of* Iphigema *ſacrificed to* Diana, *that when he was to portray & ſet out her Father* Agamemnons *moſt compaſſionate paſſion, and wofull countenance for her, that he confeſſing his Art inſufficient to ſet him out deſeruedly in his liuely lamentation, was faine to paint a vaile couering* Agamemnons *face, that ſo hee might leaue the extremity of his ſorrow to the iudgement and*

conſidera

conſideration of the beholders: So I, vnskilfull I, confeſſing my ſelfe (vnles I had the faculty of Maro *or* Meonides*) altogether vnable with hart or hand, with voice or verſ to diſcouer the atrocrity & ineffable horror of this* Romiſh *barbarity, yea more than Scythian, Thracian inhumanity; will couer the deſcription therof with the vaile of* Silence, *and leaue it to the conſideration of all that euer knew or heard of the endleſſe extent thereof: Moſt humbly deſiring your* Lordſhip *and* Worſhips *with wonted protecting paternall fauour and courteous diſpoſition, to vouchſafe your gentle acceptance of this plaine* Poeme, *the poore mite which my thankefull heart and dutifull hand, doe with all obliged gratitude offer vnto you, moſt ſubmiſſiuely commending and committing the ſame to your worthy name &* Patronage, *your examples of Piety and charity, to the memory and imitation of poſterity, and your ſelues and ſoules to Gods all-ſauing Grace, and all-ſufficient Tuition in this life, neuer ceaſing to pray for the bleſſing of* Zaccheus *on you and yours, euen eternall ſaluation in the life to come; which he grant that hath with the high price of his moſt precious bloud redeemed vs,* Chriſt Ieſus *the righteous, Amen.*

Your Lordſhips and Worſhips moſt obſequious daily Orator duely and dutifully preſt in all ſeruice to bee commanded:

IOHN VICARS.

To all the Loyall harted Proteſtants of England, *which ſincerely loue the purity of Chriſts Goſpell, and Zealouſly deteſt the damnable doctrine of Antichriſt,* I. V. *wiſheth the bleſſings of Gods right hand, and of his left, the bleſſings of this life & the life to come.*

THe richeſt, rareſt mercies daily ſent
(Right Chriſtian brethren) to vs of this Land,
From *Gods o're flowing* Grace, *all-filling* hand,
May be compar'd to th' *Sunne* i'th firmament.
Whoſe glorious Raies, all creatures hearts reuiue,
Whoſe light enlight'ns all the world throughout:
Whoſe heat doth cheriſh plants that ſpring and ſprout,
Whoſe *ſhine* to want, doth vs of ioy depriue.
Yet, ſince ſo daily *Man* doth it enioy,
Who is't almoſt that valew's it aright?
Who yeelds due praiſe to heau'n, for heau'ns ſweet light?
Oh, few or none: *Aboundance doth vs cloy.*
From hence w' therefore iuſtly may conclude
That *Gods* rich mercies which we oft poſſeſſe,
Wherewith he daily, hourely doth vs bleſſe,
We all receiue with great ingratitude.
I need not ſtand t' exemplifie the ſame,
It is a fault too frequent, too ranke growne:
And yet to *God* more odious ther's not one,
Which vnto *chriſtians* brings more ſhame, more blame:
Of bleſſings *ſpirituall*, our bleſt *Saluation*
Wrought by our *Sauiour*, *bought* with 's precious bloud,
Was moſt Diuine, gaue *man* his cheefeſt good,
Was more admired then the Worlds *Creation.*
But of all *Temporall* bleſſings wee enioy'd
Since *God* did forme the Earth, and *Heau'ns* high frame,
To our deliuerance, neuer greater came,
When *Rome* by *Powder* would haue vs deſtroyd.
How thankfull for the *firſt* to *God* we are,
I'le tax nones *conſcience*, but examine mine:

But

But for the ſecond, how wee doe decline
From giuing thankes to *God*, I may not ſpare,
To tell you all my *Chriſtian Brethren* deere
That, which if I ſhould ſilence, ſenceleſſe *ſtones*
Tis to be fear'd would ſound with mournefull groanes,
Englands Ingratitude is too too cleere.
And for this cauſe, I thus haue tooke in hand
To ſing, (though ſimply ſung) to *Heau'ns* high glory,
In this meane *Poeme, Englands* happy ſtory
How powerfully *God* to his *Church* did ſtand.
'Gainſt which though ſome *Athenian, Cretian* mind
May ſcoffe and ſcorne at this my good intention,
Though from *Romes* fauourites nought but reprehen-
And taunting termes I ſhall vniuſtly finde; (ſion
Though *Rome* doe curſe me with *Bell, Booke, & Candle,*
And like a *gauld-backt Iade* doe kicke and winch:
Yet I their ſoares haue laboured ſo to pinch,
As in their *Nature* iuſtly them to handle.
But if to you (my *Brethren* deere) I may
For my poore Labours kindly be reſpected:
And from *Calumniators* fangs protected,
I ſhall acknowledge this a rich *repay*.
If I heereby may moue and ſtimulate
Your *Chriſtian* hearts to *zealous* deteſtation,
Of *Romes* moſt impious foule abhomination,
And heau'ns rich mercies oft to ruminate,
Chiefly the great miraculous defence
From this Nefarious *Powder-plot* of *Rome*:
Wherein our *King* and *Kingdomes* they did doome,
To dire deſtruction, fatall peſtilence.
Then happy I, maugre all *Romes* deſpight
That God heereby may haue due thankes and praiſe,
That this occaſion may mens hearts incite
This fact with thankes to memorize alwaies:
Read then (*Kind Readers*) what's amiſſe excuſe,
And kindly cenſure my vntrimmed *Muſe*.

Thine in the Lord Ieſus, Io: VICARS.

A Friend at a ſtand, at his Friends worke.

VVHo *reades* this worke, *areade* my wonder; tell
What skill to *verſe* a *Fact ſo ill, ſo well.*

Vnreſolued of nothing in your Loue but this.

Aliâs

The Placet of his Friends Eſſay.

OThers thy *zeale* and *vowes*, I praiſe thy skill
So well to *lay* the Plott, Rome *layde ſo ill.*

Another.

Arts Pyramides, from Treaſons Pouder-Fire.

VVHat all *fire* hath, hath thine, *blacke ſmoke*, *bright (flame*,
The *flame* thy *Verſe*: the *ſmoke* the *Traitors name*:
Who can, decide; in which moſt time to ſpend
Or damne their *ſmoke*, or *thy* bright *flame* commend.

Himſelfe not yet determined,
THO: SALISBVRY,
M^r. *in Arts Camb.*

To

To my good Friend Master IOHN VICARS.

THy *loue* to *Truth* I *loue*, thy *hate* of *Errors*,
Thine *Honesty*, thine *Industry*, thy *zeale*
For *God*, the *King*, the *Church*, and *Common-Weale*
Against the rage of *Romes* intended *terrors*:
I *like* thy *loathing* of those *Treason-stirrers*,
That for APOLLYON in these plots doe deale
With *ghastly*, *ghostly Fathers* that *conceale*,
(Or rather *counsaile*) so inhumane *horrors*.
I *praise* thine *Authors*, and thine owne desire
To haue recorded vnto all *Posterity*,
Th' *Ignatian Furies*, *ignominious fire*,
Flaming from *Hell* against the heau'nly *verity*:
In *Fauks*, *Grants*, *Garnets*, *Winters*, *Catesbies*, *Percies*,
Let others *praise* thy *vowes*: I *praise* thy *verses*.

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

In Authorem.

THe *Pope* to *patronize* his *hellish* trickes
Makes *Cardinals* of his most deerest friends,
An *English* * *Parsons* playes the *Iade* and kickes
Gainst *Country*, *Kingdome*, and to *Rome* he wends;
But now an *English Vicars* playes his part,
And at such *Popish Parsons* casts his dart.

* *An English-man turning Iesuite was made Cardinall.*

Long may thy worke be *Vsher* to thy name,
And thou a *Master* in this *English* straine,
That if from *Thames* to *Tyber* flies thy fame;
Still may thy *Muse* reserue to thee this vaine,
That if more *Parsons* in *Romes* dregs be drown'd,
New *Vicars* still may rise, them to confound.

In viri mihi *fratris* Vice, *Iohannis Vicarij dignissimos Labores*, ἐγκώμιον ἐξελκτικον.

Ittor Apollineos *Ego parunlus inter Alumnos,*
vt tibi pro Libro Laurea *serta feram.*
Ne metuas Romæ * laruas, lemuresue *sequaces:*
nec criticos, criticâ *qui granitate valent.*
Est liber *ille tuus scelerato crimine* Liber
perge (igitur) Libro *prela subire tuo.*

* *Iesuitas.*

Idem ad eundem.

THou carping *Momus* poyson of good *witts,*
I call not *thee* to giue the *Author* praise:
Silence I tell thee better thee befits
Because *Detraction* is thy *common phrase:*
Thou canst not *come* and *mend,* yet must *commend,*
This worke so neately by the *Author* pend.

THOMAS BRACLEY.

To my louing *frend* Mr. *Iohn Vicars,* in *praise* of his *praise-worthy* labours, *encouraging* him to *discourage* our *enemies.*

ISaw thy worke, should I not laud the same,
With *Traitor* thou might'st iustly brand my name.
I saw thy worke, and from my *soule* I vowe:
I thinke none honest will it disallow,
I saw't, or who els sees't? without commend,
He is a *Traitor,* or a *Traitors* friend.
I saw, and praise thy worke, in spight of *Rome:*
Hell and the *Pope,* I say t'is sweetly done,
I saw thy worke, though thee I doe not know:
But *figs* (I'me sure) on *Thistles* neuer grow.

Courage

Courage (braue ſpirit) thou haſt done ſo well,
Thou need'ſt not feare *Romes candle, booke*, or *bell*:
Thou haſt a *Maſter* (in whom's all our hopes)
That will ſupport thee gainſt a thouſand *Popes*.
Shew it thy *Maſter*, then his cenſure paſt,
Let others *blow*, regard not thou their *blaſt*.
But tell them, I, and tell them to their face:
He is a *Traitor*, which doth *Treaſon* grace,

Your friend vnknowne
NATHANIEL CHAMBER.
of Grayes Inne.

In Authorem.

LEt *Rome* with *Bell, Booke, Candle*, curſe thy *name*,
Thy *hand*, thy *pen*, the *broacher* of her ſhame,
Paſſe not, if *good* accept, though *Bad* refuſe:
Religious hearts bid welcome to thy *Muſe*.
It may be ſome condemne thee, what's the Reaſon?
They *hate* thy worke becauſe they *loue* the *Treaſon*.

W. C.

In Commendation of the Authors *worthy Worke.*

TO ſhew my *Loue*, as forward as the beſt,
My *Infant Muſe*, as one among the reſt
Hath daign'd to write: not as thou art my *friend*
To praiſe thy worke; *that* will it ſelfe commend.
Good *Wine* no *ſigne* at any time doth need:
Thy *Worke* doth *Loue*, thy *ſelfe* doth *Laurell* meede,
T'adorne thy head, as one of *Phœbus* brood,

Who ſing'ſt a *Fact* ſo *ill*, in *Verſe* ſo *good*.
But, thy pure *Loue* to *God*, the *Church*, thy *King*,
I truely praiſe, which (maugre *Ennies* ſting,
In deteſtation of that *Roman Whore*)
Vnto the World dorh blazon forth, the ſtore
Of *Soule-polluting* crimes, *Rome* doth maintaine
That *them*, and *Her*, all good men may refraine.
This is the thing praiſe-worthy I approue,
Which ſhewes to *God* thy *zeale*, to *All* thy *Loue*.

Thomas Knight.

To his moſt kind friend, Mr. *Iohn Vicar*, in praiſe of his tranſlated and *largely dilated Poeme.*

THough *Romiſh* ſhauelings rage with execrations,
And downe-right damne *thee* and thy cauſeles *book*,
Feare not: but take as bleſſings ſuch damnations,
For ſure the *Lord* nere turnes his gracious looke
From thoſe that deigne *Religions* cauſe to cheriſh,
In heart deteſt all *Traitors*, wiſh them periſh.

I cannot but commend th' induſtrious care
Thou tak'ſt to raiſe from blacke *Oliuions* Den,
The memory of that *deliuerance* rare
And wonderfull, much taxing thankeleſſe men:
Who can ſo ſoone forget to giue *God* glory,
For that whereof, like nere was found in ſtorie.

N. B.

The names of the cheefe Traytors that plotted and endeauoured this *Powder-Treaſon.*

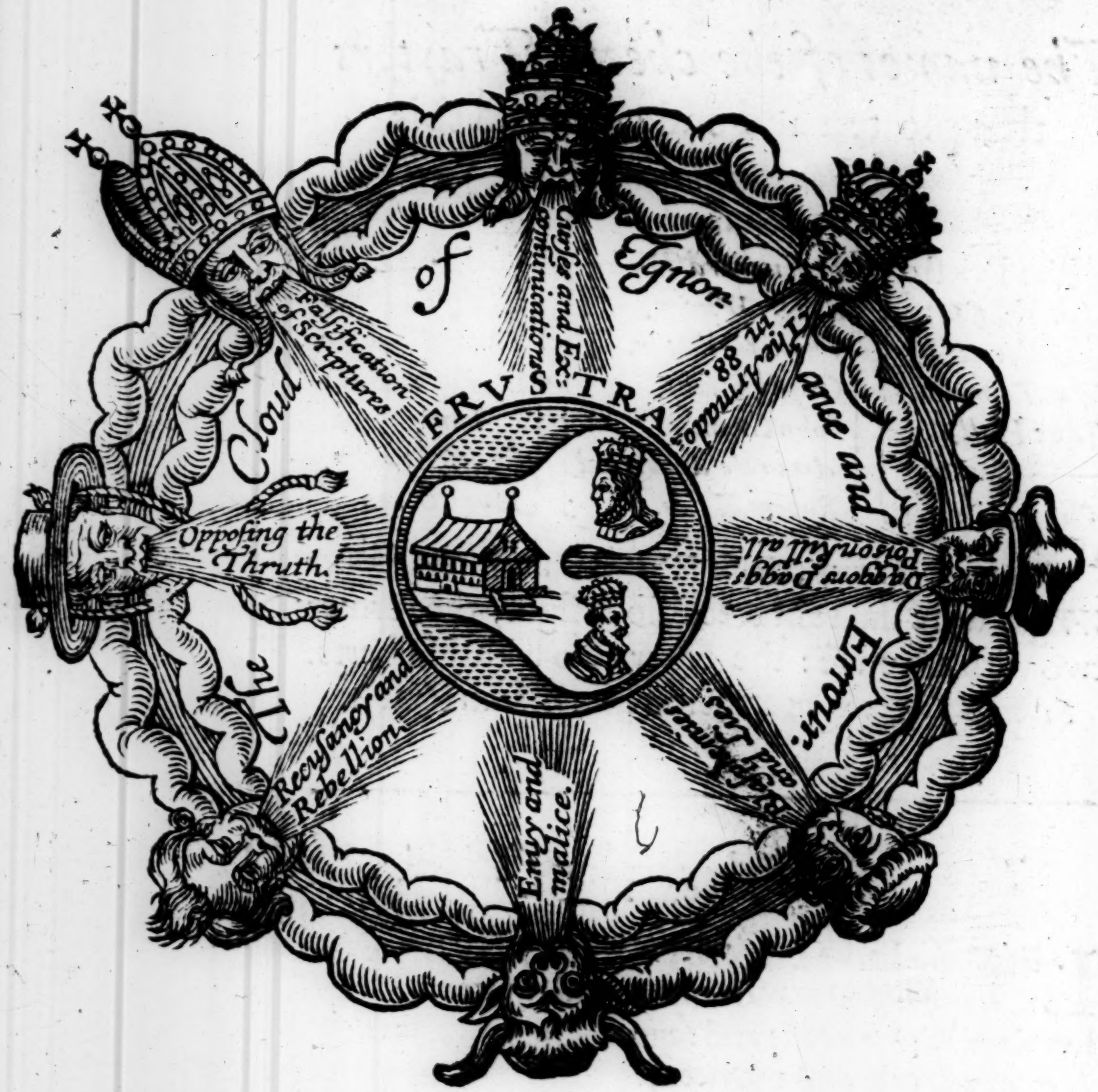
Ieſuite-Prieſts.	Sr *Everard Digby.*	*Tho: Bates.*
Henry Garnet.	*Robert Winter.*	*Henry Morgan.*
Iohn Gerrard.	*Thomas Winter.*	*Tho: Abington.*
Oſw. Teſmond.	*Guydo Fauks.*	Sr. *Edm: Bainham.*
Edw: Hall.	*Iohn Grant.*	
—— *Hamon.*	*Ambroſe Rookwood*	Sr. *W: Stanley.*
Wil: Baldwin.	*Robert Keyes.*	*Hugh Owen.*

Catesby, *Piercy*, *Iohn Wright*, and *Chriſtopher Wright* were ſlaine in Rebellious fight, the former two with a Gunne: the other two with Halberts. *Francis Treſham* murthered himſelfe in Priſon.

To Momus *or the* carping *Catholike.*

LEt *Zoilus* barke and *Momus* carpe;
Let *Maſſe-Prieſts* mumble and mutter:
Let *Romiſh Ieſuites* raile and rage,
And all their venome vtter;
Yea though they ſhould with *enuy* ſwell,
And *Toade-like* burſt in ſunder:
Yet *Truth* will *ſhine* and *Error pine*,
To *Babels* woe and wonder.

Encloſ'd



Enclos'd with *Clouds* of *Ignorance* and *Error*,
Rome, *Hell* and *Spaine*, do threaten *Englands* terror:
The *Card'nall*, *Legate*, *Ieſuite*, impious *Fryers*
Homebred *Recuſant*, *Britaines* bane deſires;
Each *puffs* and *ſnuffs* with *enuy*, all in vaine,
At *Chriſts* pure *Goſpell*, which ſhall ſtill remaine.

MIS-

Miſcheefes Myſtery,

OR,

Treaſons Maſter-peece.



Iſe (ô my Muſe) *mournefull* Melpomenè,
Vouchſafe thine ayde, to thy weake Orator,
Diſtill ſweet ſtreames from thy rare Deity,
Erſt, too too long by him vnasked for:
Vrania, *take thy lute, hung vp too long,*
Leſt poſts & ſtones ſound out my tragique *ſong.*

O that I could, in ſacred Helicon,
Or precious Nectar *of* Parnaſſus Muſe,
Dip my dull pen: or from faire Citheron,
Vrania's *ſacred skill and power could vſe:*
T'anatomize *and* paint *to* publike *view,*
A ſtratagem moſt horrid, ſtrange and true.

Than which, did Phœbus *faire reſplendent face,*
A more prodigious proiect, nere behold,
On Marble-pillers *worthy to take place,*
Engrauen in letters of bright Indian *gold:*
Thou then (Heau'ns King) *whoſe grace vs ſafe preſeru'd,*
Grant I may ſing thy praiſe ſo well deſerui'd.



Reat *Pluto*, Prince of darknes *Tartars* King,
Became enamour'd of *Romes Strumpet* faire,
His luſtfull pleaſure then to paſſe to bring,
From *Hell* to *Rome*, ſends for his whore ſo
Whom *Charon* rowes o're black *Auernus* flood, (rare,
And brings to *Styx*, where *Pluto's* palace ſtood.

Then, to his preſence, ſoone *Shee* had acceſſe,
Where they enioy'd infernall copulation:
Whoſe hideous act did from her wombe expreſſe,
A monſtrous birth exceeding admiration,
A more then *Centaure* ſtrange, ſtrong, fierce and fell
Miſhapen cruell, curſed fiend of *Hell*.

To *Lerna's poole* this purple *Strumpets* doome
Was to returne, where *Shee* this fiend brought forth,
And with th'infectious milke of faithleſſe *Rome*,
It fearefully was foſtered to full growth,
There, there, I ſay, did this fierce *Hydra* liue,
There to this *Monſter Shee* did vigour giue.

No ſooner was this off-ſpring of the *Diuell*,
This impious Impe of *Hell*, this Viper vile,
Fraught with *Theſſalian* ſpels, pride, miſcheefe, euill,
With ſerpentine deceipt prompt to beguile,
Compleatly furniſht with each *Stygian* Art:
With vnheard impudence to act his part.

* *The Pope.*

But that, his damned * *Dam* obſeru'd the ſame,
Perceiu'd his *Genius* vile, his wit, his will,
With dulcide language cals him by his name:
With moſt pernicious councell doth him fill.
Wrath boyles within, reuenge and furies fire,
And thus t'her Sonne, *Sh'vnfolds* her *foule* deſire.

The Whore of Rome makes her complaint to her firſt begotten Sonne Treaſon.

Mongſt all the Kingdomes of *Europa* faire,
None euer bore more hatred vnto me.
(Thy *Mother* deere) none ere ſought to impaire
Thy *Parents* well-fare and proſperitie:
As thoſe damn'd *Heretickes* of *Britanes* nation,
Endeuouring daily our dire extirpation.

Alas (deere Sonne) 'tis wofull to declare.
The many miſcheeues, iniuries and wrong;
Which *Peters* holy Kingdome ſacred Chaire,
Hath beene conſtrain'd to ſuffer too too long:
Yea, more and more they daily worke our woe,
Hoping t'effect our finall ouerthrow.

Aye

Aye me, I greeue to thinke on our great loſſe,
What rich reuenues daily we poſſeſt:
What ſummes we did into our coffers toſſe:
What great deuotion to our *See* expreſt
In them we daily found, ſtrange to be ſpoke,
How bounteouſly they made our chimnies ſmoke,

Whoſe *zeale* indeede (ſweet *Sonne*) I muſt confeſſe,
Did farre exceede all others of their dayes:
What ſwarmes of *Friers* and *Nuns* euen numberleſſe,
By them were foſtered to their laſting praiſe?
By them our holy *Maſſe* great *Pluto's* lore,
Was gorgeouſly bedight him to adore.

What ſtately *Monaſteries* with turrets high,
Did they then ſpare moſt ſumptuouſly to build?
What *Temples* faire whoſe tops euen toucht the skie?
With reliques richly garniſhed and fild:
For holy *Votaries* and *Virgins* chaſte,
Whom we mongſt *Saints* & *Angels* bleſt haue plac't.

In euery *City* each faire wealthy ſeat,
In euery *Countrey* each moſt fertile ſoile,
Hath beene poſſeſſed by our *Champions* great,
On them conferred without coſt or coyle.
What *Nation* did not our great name adore?
What people ſought not our helpe to implore?

I tell thee *Sonne*, this onely *Albions* Iſle,
Hath *Romes* reuenues mightily increaſt:
Through daily diſcord, variance, fraud and guile,
Which twixt them bred for bribes wee forth-with ceaſt:
Not *France* ſo great, nor ſpacious *Germany*,
Came neere to this for our vtility.

But to conclude, thou happily maiſt ſay
Tis ſtrange I ſpeake, but doubtles tis moſt true:
The mighty ſummes they did vs yearely pay
Surmounted farre their *Kings* owne revenue.
And thinkſt thou then I can with patience brooke
So rich a prey to be thus from mee tooke?

And onely by damn'd *Luthers* hereſie,
That curſed *Caitiffe*, cauſe of all our woe:
Shall I put vp this great indignity,
And ſo giue way t'a greater ouerthrow?
No, no, irreuocable is my doome
Ile be reueng'd, not ceaſe till they conſume.

For ſince this wicked varlet from vs fled,
Renounc't our heſts and *Catholike* profeſſion,
With how ſore tempeſts, ſtormes and direfull dred,
Haue we alas endur'd there great oppreſſion?
Our kingdome ſhaken, and our *Triple Crowne*,
In hazard often to be ſmitten downe.

He, he, euen *Luther* that baſe Run-away.
To his encreaſing errour hath allur'd,
The *Germanes*, *Engliſh*, yea I well may ſay,
Moſt of the *French*, too bad to bee endur'd:
All theſe and more this wretch deluded hath
To follow him, and leaue our *Romiſh Faith*.

Oft with my ſelfe, I to my ſelfe haue ſayd,
I am a puiſſant *Queene*, moſt firme and ſtable,
My glorious prime ſhall neuer be decay'd,
A widdow deſolate none ſhall be able
In future age to make me. Time ſhall ſee
Mee ſtill to flouriſh like a faire Palme-tree.

But leſt too long with needleſſe ambages,
And vaine *tautologie* I ſhould thee hold,
It now behooues vs foorth-with to appeaſe
Their madneſſe, and to tame their courage bold,
Yea, now I ſee that our declining hope
Bids vs not linger, nor giue longer ſcope.

Bids vs aduiſed be and counſell take,
On *Pluto's* anuill ſtrange wiles how to frame,
With vnheard craft, intricate ſnares to make,
And ſubtill ſtratagems to worke their ſhame,
All practiſes to prooue, no ſhifts to ſhunne,
Whereby our glorious well-fare may be wonne.

And now in thee (sweet Nourceling) doth consist
Of our desires the fortunate euent:
In thee, I say, our fortunes may be blist,
So apt thou art t'effect our great intent.
So exactly practiz'd in thy * fathers skill,
So well acquainted with thy * mothers will.

* *The Diuell.*
* *The Pope.*

Expert thou art a treason to contriue,
Though nere so hatefull, horrible and bloody,
Of life and liberty soone to depriue
A *King* or *Kingdome* without stop or study,
To sweare, forsweare, cozen and equiuocate,
By mine instruction *rarely* literate.

Then haste with speede (*Alecto* be thy guide)
To *Albion* great that proud presumptuous *nation*,
Bee't iust or vniust leaue no meanes vntride
Them to reduce t'our ancient domination.
Then Romes officious most pernicious *Sonne*,
Replyes but this, deere *Mother* count it done.

Then like swift *Euphrates* with fowle pretence,
And *Vultures* appetite he swiftly flies
To *England*, where for's first ingredience,
A *Priest-like* habite shapes his best disguise:
And maruell not, for thus the *Diuell* doth vse,
Like *Angell* bright *Gods* people to abuse.

Fauks is not heere first mentioned as the Prime Author, but because hee was so inhumane as to be the fatall Actor, for Catesby (as afterwards is shewen) was the first Author of this Powder-Treason.

And thus in *Guydo Faukses* faithlesse brest,
Hee harbour findes, and kindly's entertain'd,
A man to mischeefe prompt and ready prest,
Swift to shed blood; and soone with treason stain'd,
With enuy stuft and puft, slie, male-content,
Dissembling *Sinon* Double-diligent.

Whose name hee euer changeth with his place
Of residence, like *Neptunes Proteus*,
His *name* and *shame* equall in his disgrace,
Foster sometimes, *Iohnson* and * *Brunius*,
His *name* not *nature*, habit not his hart,
Hee takes, forsakes, as best befits his *part*.

* *Or Browne.*

Heere now this baſe-borne *Brat* of *Rome* not ſtayd:
But farther flings, ſollicits others more,
Whoſe hearts already *Babels Whore* obayd,
With muttering *Iſrael* hungring very ſore
For *Ægypts fleſh-pots* and with deadly thurſt,
To quaffe *Romes* poyſon till their belly burſt.

Theſe doth he ſtirre with ſpurre of innouation,
With high-built hopes, and thus ſtriues to perſwade
The day ſo long deſir'd of Lamentation, (them,
Your foes to foyle and boldly to inuade them,
Is now come on, wherein baſe *Caluins* rout,
And *Beza's* vaſſals you may cleane root out.

Romes wals to reare, and ruines to repaire,
Her enemies triumphantly to baine,
The ſplendor braue, and ancient beauty rare
Of *Romes* profeſſion, ſtrongly to maintaine.
And then to *Sinons* fugred words they vow
Theirs and themſelues vnto his becke and bow.

This good ſucceſſe addes fuell to the fire,
His *Doctours helliſh* documents to broach,
To Court he comes with treacherous deſire,
And into fauour there, hopes to encroach,
Where pious *Iames* our *King*, ſo good, ſo great,
Iuſtly enioy'd his *Predeceſſours* ſeat.

With *maieſty* and *mildneſſe* compaſt round,
With Nobles, Princes, and maieſticke Peeres,
Whoſe happy raigne their ioynt applauſe reſound,
Whoſe Peereleſſe preſence his true ſubiects cheeres,
Whoſe mildneſſe (ô bleſt Prince) and clement mind,
His loyall ſubiects largely feele and find.

For thus he hop't his peoples hearts to winne,
(Beſt rule indeede for Regall gouernment)
But yet the vaſſals of that *Man* of *Sinne*,
To whom *Truths* rule is great diſparagement,
The refractory *Papiſts* proud, diſloyall,
Abuſe his clemence, patience, and long triall.

Theſe

These *Tyger*-like, their enuious bristles reare,
Mildnesse with *Mischeefe*, *loue* with *hate* repay,
Mercy with *murther*, *freedome* with great *feare*
They him remunerate, more brutish they,
Filling mens eares with tales and idle charmes,
With false pretence to stirre them vp to armes.

In which fowle rancke, *Watson* that vile rancke *Traytor*,
That impudent and insolent *Baals* Preist:
To ciuill broiles a treacherous animator,
Like Prophets like profession, heere thou seest:
Lancaster then and *Wales* their malice show,
From *Romes* false doctrines such effects doe grow.

But looke we backe where we did lately leaue,
Bi-lingued Sinon ramping in the Court,
Searching the man whom straight he did perceiue,
A wish't companion and most fit consort,
Percy infected, yea of treason confected,
And euen by nature thereunto addicted.

A graceless *Guardian* to his gracious *King*,
A most bold Bond-slaue to his holy *Pope*,
T'whom *Fauks* vnfoldeth each materiall thing,
Assures good lucke, feedes him with golden hope.
Who *man* and *message* presently embraceth,
And in his loue his confidence soone placeth.

Then each to other they themselues fast tie,
Like *Pilate* and proud *Herod*, CHRIST to kill;
What neither had, *Fauth* and *Fidelitie*,
They mutually doe promise to fulfill:
Then as their pledges each gaue hand to others,
And heere were made treasons cheefe sworn brothers.

O you great *Peeres*, whose power these wrongs may *A Caution to*
Harbour not thus within you noble brest, (right, *Courtiers.*
Permit not in your company nor sight,
These *Anti-christian Idolists* to rest:
For slaughtering *Syrens* and *Echidnes* traine,
Doe *grossely*, *closely* in their hearts remaine.

The

The poyſonous *Serpent* lurkes in longeſt graſſe,
If you it *foſter*, 'twill ingrately *foſter*,
Gall's in their heart, their golden gliſter's braſſe:
With their inteſtine turmoiles they'll you peſter,
For tetricke murthers, helliſh poyſons, treaſon
They practiſe more then piety and reaſon.

Theſe are their ſtudies ſtudious exerciſe,
To all the world moſt palpably made knowne,
Moſt fit effects of *Romes* damn'd hereſies,
With theſe they gape to get heauens glorious throne,
Theſe are their workes of *Supererogation*,
Whereof they boaſt with *wide-mouth'd* oſtentation.

Perfidious Fauks and *Percy* thus combinde,
His name being chang'd hee's tane for *Percies* man:
Fit opportunity they heereby finde,
Their proiect throughly to contriue and ſcan.
And being diſguiſed in that vnknowen hew,
Securely do their rancorous poyſon ſpew.

Heere now with *Fauks* and *Percy*, *Catesby* met,
An ancient *Traytour* and *Recuſant* ſtout,
Whoſe head, heart, hands, and all to worke were ſet,
Some horrid treaſon how to bring about,
Some ſtrange domeſticke deluge to ordaine,
Since now their hopes were fruſtrated in *Spaine*.

For why, long ſince in ſweet *Eliza's* raigne,
That *Paragon* of paſt and future age,
They had ſent *Winter* to the *King* of *Spaine*,
To craue his ayde and hoſtile equipage.
Our Kingdome to inuade and to poſſeſſe,
Therein to plant *Romes* lawes, their wrongs redreſſe.

Aſſuring him, that in his powerfull ayde,
The *Catholikes* in *England* would all ioyne,
The *King* as then their proffer not gaine-ſaid;
But promiſed to furniſh them with coyne:
An hundreth thouſand crownes he would beſtow,
And being *Victor* them all fauour ſhow.

This

This eke he prayd, that if it ſhould ſo chance *Queene Elizabeth.*
The *Queene* to dy, he might it foorthwith know:
For therupon he would his powers aduance,
With expedition to our ouerthrow:
Which was on both ſides promis'd and concluded;
But *Heau'n* in mercy all their hopes deluded.

Then, then, I ſay, did *Spaine* intend our doome,
When as that miſerable woman dide,
(For thus it pleas'd that proud *High-Preiſt* of *Rome*,
That gracious *Queene* to terme with impious pride)
O moſt nefarious *Lier*, how could *Shee*
Vnhappy, or ſo miſerable bee.

Whom neither th'*arrow* which by day did flie,
I meane th'*Armado* mighty *Spaniſh Saile*;
Nor *peſtilence* by night, to wit, your ſlie
And ſecret practiz'd treaſons nere could quaile,
Or once come neere her gracious harmeleſſe life,
Neither by daggers, dags, or poyſonous knife.

Who in herſelfe and ſubiects ere was bleſt
With peace and plenty, Princely Royalty:
Whoſe Kingdome while ſhee liu'd, enioy'd ſweet reſt,
Whoſe people euer liu'd in loyalty
Vnto her Maieſty, whoſe power enſtall'd *The King of Portugall.*
A *King* in's Kingdome by proud foes enthrall'd.

Who raign'd in glory, liu'd Religions *Tower*,
And Fortreſſe ſtrong, ayding her wronged friend:
Defended *Nations* by her puiſſant power,
And after made a moſt bleſt Chriſtian end,
Know then thou *foule-mouth'd ſlanderer* we retort
Into thy throat this enuious falſe report.

We neede not wonder that without all ſhame,
You thus endeauour impiouſly to wrong
Her Peereleſſe, ſpotleſſe moſt renowned fame,
Since *Sathan* is in you ſo powerfull ſtrong,
As that you dare *Chriſt* and his ſacred writ,
Blaſphemouſly abuſe, as you thinke fit.

Who dare (oh tremble heart) tell *Chriſt* to's face,
That he hath taught you how to couzen and lie.
Oh impious *equiuocating* race!
If heau'ns great *King*, the *God* of *Verity*,
You thus doe dare ſo horribly to wrong,
Who then ſhall ſcape the poyſon of your tongue?

Sol occubuit nox nulla ſecuta eſt.

But now behold, a *wonder* you ſhall heare,
It Heau'n ſo pleas'd our glorious *Sunne* went downe,
And yet no *night* did vnto vs appeare,
No *clowd* of darkneſſe did vpon vs frowne,
No loſſe appear'd, onely a *change* we had,
Which our neere-dying hearts reuiu'd, made glad.

Our Kings comming into this Kingdome.

For why, in our *Horizon* ſoone did riſe
From her reſplendent *Iubar* a bright *Sun*,
Whoſe gracious ſight was *obiect* to the eyes
Of all good *ſubiects*, for in him begun
Our peacefull dayes againe to ſprout and flouriſh,
And euer may this *milke* of *peace* vs nouriſh.

But male-content, malignant *Catesbyes* hart,
Together with his baſe *confederates*,
Being gall'd and greeu'd, to th'King of *Spaine* impart
Theſe accidents, and that they thought th'eſtates
Of *Engliſh Catholikes* would now prooue worſe,
Becauſe *King Iames* held on the late *Queenes* courſe.

Therefore they of him did againe deſire
His promiſed aſſiſtance for inuaſion,
Proteſting that their hearts were all on fire,
To ſerue him in this great negotiation:
But he being purpos'd then to treat of peace
With *England*, wiſht them from that ſute to ceaſe.

Which vnexpected anſwer did them trouble,
And with infernall wrath their hearts did burne,
Their miſcheeuous imaginations double,
What courſe to take, which way themſelues to turne,
And when they ſaw all forraine force forſooke them,
Vnto this *Powder-Treaſon* they betooke them.

And

And now this furious fiery triplicity
Of *Percy*, *Catesby*, and *false Fawkes* being met,
Catesby cheefe *Author* of this treachery,
Did thus begin their malice on to whet,
Right trusty *friends*, since now we priuate are,
My minde to you I freely will declare.

My swelling *Tympany* of hate is such,
To see our *Holy Father* still neglected,
Which doth with greefe my very heart euen touch,
And how small hope to see him ere respected
Within this *Kingdome*, for I plainely see,
The late *Queenes* courses shall maintained bee.

I see, I see, and to our greefe we finde,
That this *King Iames* an hereticke will prooue,
Vs *Catholiques* to spare hee's not enclin'd,
Which we to him did most submissely mooue,
Wherein hee once to vs did condescend,
But now breakes promise and our wracke intend,

* *As before they impiously slandered Q. Elizabeth, so heere they doe grossely bely our Soueraigne King.*

Wherefore tis now high time to take aduice,
To plucke vp and supplant this growing weede;
To stop such dangers we must not be nice,
Nor with *faint-hearted feare* must we proceede,
But since the wound is now so putrified,
The sharper med'cines must thereto be plyed.

Foure strong inducements heereunto haue we,
Wherein both I and you are fully instructed,
First that the *King* and all his Subiects be
Vile *Heretiques*, the *Catholiques* excepted. 1
Also we know that our high Preist of *Rome*, 2
Them excommunicate and curs'd doth doome,

Another motiue to this sacred fact, 3
Is, that no Heretique ought to be *King*;
And lastly, that it is a *lawfull* act, 4
Yea, a most *holy meritorious* thing,
To extirpate, destroy and quite root out
This *King* and his *heretical* base rout.

Oh then deere friends, why ſtand we to demurre?
Why feare we? faint we? doubt we to goe on?
Let this to vs be a ſharpe goad and ſpurre,
T'ncourage vs with reſolution:
Namely, that we in *Romes* rare *Rubrickes* ſhall
Our *name* eternize and our *fame* enſtall.

That *Rome*, I ſay, will euer vs account
Re-edifiers of S^t^. *Peters* rites,
By whom her glory did againe remount,
This hope, this hap, our valiant hearts encites,
To bee ſuch *Foſterers* and ſuch *Fautours* ſtrong,
Thus to redeeme our ſelues, our Saints from wrong.

Coacta religio vix vera religio.

See heere, ô *Chriſtian*, what ſtrange courſe is tooke,
To ſet vp *Romes* religious adoration:
Whoſe moſt malignant ſpirits cannot brooke
Obedience, though with Lawes milde mittigation,
Oh muſt our blood be ſpilt? our King be ſlaine?
And many death-doore-knocking ſoules complaine?

O diuelliſh doctrine whence ſuch workes doe flow,
O damned *Doctours* thus to preach and teach,
O miſerable ſoules ſeduced ſo,
O bloudy thoughts beyond all humane reach:
If thus you hope to climbe to Heau'ns high throne,
Then with *Aſceſius* climbe to Heau'n alone.

Conſtantine to Aſceſius, erige tibi ſcalam & in cœlum ſolus aſcende.

Was *Dauid* being a man iuſt and vpright,
A man to *Gods* owne hart conform'd and made,
Great *Iuda's* ioy, and happy *Iſraels* light,
Was he, I ſay, to build *Gods* houſe gaine-ſayd?
And all becauſe his hands were full of blood,
Yea though his battailes were both iuſt and good.

And yet muſt *Romes* baſe Bond-ſlaues vndertake,
Not *Gods* but *Belials* temple to re'rect
With blood, yea, muſt they their oblation make
With blood of *Gods* annoynted *Saints* elect?
Romes faithleſſe *Synagogue* to re-aduance,
Full ſtuft with errour and fowle ignorance.

Muſt

Muſt they not onely touch but trample on
Gods pious *Prophets?* whoſe bloud in his ſight
Is deere and precious, muſt confuſion
Vpon *Gods Church* with ſuch dire miſchiefe light?
If this be th'way as diuelliſhly they hold,
Gods Church to plant, then I'le to ſay be bolde;

That curſed *Caine* may alſo hope to pleaſe
The *Lord*, by ſhedding *Abels* guiltleſſe bloud:
And *Ieroboams Idols* may appeaſe
Gods wrath, and take away the marke which ſtood
Vpon his front, namely that he did cauſe
The *Iſraelites* to leaue *Gods* ſacred Lawes.

O farre be this from each true *Chriſtians* thought, *Pſal.83.*
But rather let me with *King Dauid* ſay,
Woe to the worke which bloudily is wrought,
Woe vnto thoſe which *Sions* ground-worke lay
By crying bloud, which build *Ieruſalem*
By ſuch a crafty curſed *Stratagem.*

But yet theſe *Romiſh Abſalons* paſt grace,
Doe eyther thinke themſelues to be more wiſe,
Then *God* himſelfe, or elſe like *Atheiſts* baſe,
That ther's no *God*, they doe in heart ſurmiſe,
For inſtantly at *Catesbyes* vile oration
They vow reuenge with ardent proteſtation.

And thereupon being fil'd with *helliſh* craft,
And poyſonous hatred, they together cluſtre,
Counſell to take: each ſhoots his deadly ſhaft,
At *Englands* peace, and Goſpels glorious luſtre.
Some this way would their wills effect, ſome that,
But dire deſtruction each one aymeth at.

Ones vile opinion is, with ſword, or knife
His guiltleſſe King perfidiouſly to ſlay:
Another would depriue him of ſweet life
By powerfull poyſon, then a third doth ſay,
When he by hunting tyr'd to ſleepe would lay him,
Pretending friendly harbour, we may ſlay him.

I quake to ſpeake my tongue to tell doth tremble,
Theſe *Traitors* impudence audacious heart,
With God and man thus foulely to diſſemble
And moſt profanely feareleſſe to ſubuert
Thoſe holy rites of *Harbour* amiable,
Which euen the Turkes doe keep inuiolable.

Meduſa's * *Son* was ſilent all this while, * Catesby.
Heares their opinions, counteth all but ſhallow:
Pluto in's heart infuſed ſuch a wile,
As in one gulfe a *kingdome* whole to ſwallow.
I meane that Caitiffe *Catesby* who at laſt,
From's poyſonous ſtomacke thus this vomit caſt,

True zealous *Catholikes*, *Romes* prooued friends,
Your loue you ſhew, but yet beleeue me this,
Rather to our then their deſtruction tends,
What you aduiſe, you paint the way amiſſe:
So ſmall attempts bring danger, wee'le contriue,
To leaue nor boughes, nor branch, nor root aliue.

For what though we the *King* alone deſtroy,
Leaues he not after him a Princely heyre,
To ſway his Scepter, and his Crowne t'enioy,
To take reuenge, as we may iuſtly feare,
A vertuous *Prince*, and of moſt pregnant hope,
Then let's not giue to Vengeance ſo great ſcope.

Doe we not ſee ſmall ſeeds grow vp full high,
Doe we not ſee the ſlender tender *Deere*
Though weake at firſt, at laſt ſtalke ſturdily,
With ſnaggy hornes loftily to appeare,
Great flames haue grown, and burnt down cities faire
Euen by ſmall ſparks left kindling without care.

This young *Prince Henry* to my minde doth call,
Reuolting *Henry* th'eight, who was the firſt,
That wrought our *Holy Fathers* chiefe downefall,
A deed moſt heynous, hatefull and accurſt:
Whoſe hatefull name may ere be execrable,
And t'all good *Catholikes* abhominable.

Where

Wherefore this is my minde and conſtant doome,
To race and vtterly to extirpate
This ſeede *hereticall*, to glorious *Rome*
Which beares ſuch rancour and repreſſeleſſe hate:
Now that this ſtratagem may proſperous be,
With patience *tend* and *lend* your eares to me.

An ancient houſe there is neere ſcituate
To *Percies* chamber, vnto which repaires,
In moſt magnificent and princely ſtate,
To parle about the Kingdomes great affaires,
Englands cheefe *Peeres*, *Nobles* and *Counſell* wiſe,
Their reuerend *Biſhops* our cheefe enemies.

Thither alſo, as cuſtome doth maintaine,
The firſt day of the *Parliament* doth goe,
The *King*, the *Queene*, the *Prince* and Princely traine,
Moſt pompouſly making a glorious ſhow,
In ſcarlet roabes gliſtring with pearle and gold,
Great multitudes aſſemble, it to behold.

Vnder this houſe we cloſely may prepare
An vndermined vault, wherein to hide
Great quantitie of *Powder*; which to th'aire
May, like a whirle-winde, cauſe the corps to glide
Of *King* and *Counſellours*, of *Prince* and *Peere*:
Your liking and conſent now let me heare.

With ioynt *conſent* and great *content*, they all
Laud and *applaud* this his moſt ſtrange inuention:
Yea, *Demoniacke Fauks*, proud, cynicall,
Promptly perceiues the drift of this intention;
And thus thereof concludes. The houſe (quoth hee)
Which *Rome* hath ruin'd ſhall our vengeance ſee.

So we (quoth he) for our deere *Catholike Truth*,
Shall canonized be, and much renown'd,
So we our foes with horrour, greefe and ruth
Shall profligate, ſupplant and quite confound:
So thoſe (I ſay) which gainſt vs made ſharpe lawes,
Shall griped be in dire deſtructions clawes.

And

And those which *quondam* va'd to prosecute
Our sacred *Priests*, and stain'd their hands with blood
Of *Romes* deere *Saints*, whom they did persecute
With rigorous hatred and represselesse mood,
These, these (I say) made proud by our rich spoiles,
Shall tumble headlong int' our nets & toiles.

Now heereupon, to others they this breake:
Amongst the rest, to *Gerrard Iesuite*.
Gray-headed, but *greene-heeded Garnet* eke,
Superiour of the *Iesuites*, whose meere sight
Was a strong warrant, to confirme and proue
This *enterprize*, so much they *priz'd* his loue.

Without whose counsell nothing was effected,
And whose aduise confirmed all they did;
Whom as a *Demi-god* they all respected.
Did what he would, left what he should forbid.
Oh most *Satanicall* nefarious *Doctors*,
Antichrists Chaplaines, *Lucifers Arch-Proctors*.

Can yee for *shame* assume the sacred *name*
Of *Iesus Christ*, the *Lambe* of *God* most pure,
When by your barbarous actions you defame
Your selues, your names, your function, and inure
Your selues and followers, how to kill and slay
All such as doe *Romes Iezabel* gaine-say.

Can they, said I? yes that they can, nay more,
They'l brag and boast of such inhumane deedes,
And which is worst, dare aide and help implore
Of our *high God*, from whom none ill proceedes,
These, euen these holy *Fathers* of that *Sect*
Confirme this plot, aduise, instruct, direct.

From sacrilegious *Gerrards* hands they tooke,
Right *Iudas-like* their owne damnation:
First for their oath of secrecie a booke,
Whereon they swore firme resolution:
And to confirme it with a stronger band,
Receiu'd the Sacrament from *Gerrards* hand.

O heauens, ô earth, ô impious age and times,
O graceleſſe, godleſſe, morethan diuelliſh fact!
Were ere yet knowen ſuch blaſphemous fowle crimes,
So damnably t'abuſe that heauenly act
Of *mans* terreſtriall comfort, confirmation
Of *faith*, of *grace*, and of our bleſt *ſaluation*.

O who hath any ſparke of true deuotion,
Or ardent zeale of *Gods* moſt ſacred *truth*,
Who, which to piety hath but leaſt motion,
Can heare *Romes* blaſphemies without much ruth,
Thoſe moſt apparent markes of *Babels Whore*
So truely, iuſtly *prophetiz'd* of yore.

Nay will you yet heare more impiety,
And equall almoſt to the greatſt of theſe;
Inhumane *Catesbyes* diuelliſh policy
Will'd him to caſt in minde, how to appeaſe
Ther diſcontent, if any ſhould ariſe
About the warrant of this enterpriſe.

For why, he now conſidered in his minde,
The great and bloody ſlaughter they ſhould make:
And that he could no meanes contriue or finde.
But that therein friends muſt with foes partake:
The *lawfulneſſe* heereof ſince ſome might doubt,
And ſo perchance reuolt, or elſe ſtand out.

With haſte he hies to his *Achitophel*,
Grand-Ieſuite Garnet his aduice to haue,
That *out-ſide Angell*, *in-ſide Diuell* of *hell*,
To whom he knew they ſpeciall credit gaue:
Whoſe anſwer if it to his minde did hit,
He knew all was *cock-ſure* and firmely fit.

Then in this ſort to *Garnet* he began,
O holy *Sir*, whoſe grauity and yeares,
Whoſe learning, wiſdome, diſcreet counſell can
Reſolue all doubts, *diſſolue* heart-daunting feares,
In whom *Romes* ſacro-ſanCted *Oracles*,
Are powerfull in effecting miracles.

The Oath.
You ſhall ſweare by the bleſſed Trinity, and by the Sacrament you now purpoſe to receiue, neuer to diſcloſe directly or indirectly, by word or circumſtance the matter that ſhall be propoſed to you to keepe ſecret, nor deſiſt from the execution thereof, vntill the reſt ſhall giue you leaue.

Vice-Vicar to our *Deified Father*,
High-Prieſt of *England*, ſent heere to reduce,
To re-vnite into *Romes* fold, to gather
The wandring flocke, with-held thence by abuſe
Of curſed *Caluins*, *Beza's*, *Luthers* Sect,
Which damnably their ſoules doe dayly infect.

O thou, I ſay, *Vicegerent* to our *Pope*,
I much deſire, gladly would impetrate,
Thy holy *Counſell* in a doubtfull hope,
In a great *Action*, which to perpetrate,
Many of vs deuoted *Catholiques*
Haue ioyn'd & ſworne our ſelues 'gainſt *Heretiques*.

Romes ſacred zeale hath ſo enflam'd our harts,
To right her wrongs, her loſſes to reſtore,
To *vulnerate* with *penetrating* darts
Of dire deſtruction, thoſe which heeretofore
Haue the braue luſtre of *Romes faith* ſuppreſt,
And too too long oppos'd her holy *Heſt*.

And now, I ſay, conſidering this great wrong,
And how 'tis likelieſt worſe and worſe to grow:
We vow to worke our freedome er't be long,
To giue our foes *one* fatall finall blow:
Wherewith their ſoules and bodies ſhall be ſent,
By *Sulphur* fierce to *Pluto's* regiment.

But herein, holy *Sir*, the doubt remaines,
Wherein your ghoſtly counſell we deſire;
That *time* and *place* this *action* ſo conſtraines,
That all at once muſt periſh in *one* fire,
The doubt therefore which in vs doth ariſe,
Is, whether friends may die with enemies.

Whether with *Nocents*, *Innocents* may die
(For in the deſtin'd place both mingled are)
We cannot, may not with ſecurity,
The one without the other ſaue or ſpare:
Yet on this *acts* effecting doth depend
Of *Romes* great wrongs the happy hopefull end.

This

This *Pseudo-postle* full of *Romish* zeale,
Trauelling with iniquities conception,
Brought foorth the *Impe* of mischeefe: thus doth heale
Base *Catesbyes* sore. Heare now his strange direction,
Heare ô yee *Heau'ns*, hearken both *God* and *Man*,
How holily this *Baals Priest* began.

First with *accurst* salutes they oft embrace,
Hyena with the crafty *Crocodile*:
And then with poysonous heart and brazen face,
Hee vtters words most impious full of guile:
With *greene deuice*, not *graue aduice* thus spake
This holy *Hell-hound*, horrible *Man-drake*,

Oh thou deere darling of the *Church* of *Rome*,
Hopefull *Protectour* of S^t^. *Peters chaire*,
Which so high honour dost to thee assume,
As by a fact so meritorious rare,
To be condignely *saintified* and graced,
And highest in *Romes rubrickes* to be placed.

Thou *Atlas* of our now succeeding ioyes,
Matchlesse *Mecœnas* of *Romes* doctrind rare,
Herculean chaser of our dire annoyes,
Perillus th'*enginer* may not compare
With skilfull *Catesby Arts-Master* of *Treason*:
For stratagems past humane reach and reason.

I cannot chuse but like and loue thee deerely,
Thou apt proficient in *Romes* document:
And yet much maruell thou couldst not see cleerely,
Of so rare enterprize so blest intent,
The strong inducements to perseuerance,
Not to desist for some ill petty-chance.

I see, thou art not yet so inly seene
Into the *Doctrine* of vs *Iesuites*:
Thy knowledge therein yet seemes raw and greene,
That makest *monsters* of such little *mites*.
That in smooth *bull-rushes* doest seeke a knot,
Like *Questionists* who aske they know not what.

This case is most apparant, cleere and plaine,
That since th'occasion, time and place require
Such expedition, and such precious gaine,
And great aduantage *Rome* shall hence acquire,
You may most iustly by the Lawes of *Rome*,
Some *Innocents* with *Nocents* vile consume.

And heerein thee most strongly to instruct,
And to repell all obiects in that kinde:
That none gainst this assertion may reluct,
That in thy *Creede* it may more *credit* finde:
Marke this comparison which thou shalt heare,
Wherein *this* truth shall cleere as *Sunne* appeare,

As in a *City* by fierce foes besieged,
Wherein some friends inhabit and abide,
T'whom those *besiegers* are in loue obliged,
Yet how to free them there's no meanes espide,
Delaies would breede dangers ineuitable,
The *City* also prooue vnuanquishable.

Should they not then from wise discretion swerue?
Should they not to their foes base *dastards* seeme?
Whiles in fond pitty few friends to preserue,
They a whole *City* lose for friends esteeme?
If then to th' *Church* great profit may redound,
You feareless may some friends with foes confound.

And as for me the best which I can doe,
Which is, my prayers and *Orizons* deuout,
That heauen may heerein blesse and fauour you,
I *ducly truely* for you will powre out;
And all our *Saints*, and meritorious *Martyrs*
Implore, to ayde you and your zealous *partners*.

O most pernicious *Preist*, ô *Scythian* Sect,
Is this the charity you all professe?
Doe you with blood, your followers thus infect?
Your false conceiued wrongs thus to redresse?
Now how this *Iesuites* censure doth agree
With *Iesus Doctrine*, you shall plainely see.

When

When God with sinfull flesh vouchsaf't to talke,
Did he not vnto faithfull *Abraham* say?
That if in *Sodome* he could finde *ten* folke
That vpright were: his vengeance he would stay,
And for their sakes on all hee'd mercy shew,
But ghostly *Garnet* was more wise then so.

Did not the heauenly *Husbandman* decree?
Considering how with wheat grew vp the tare,
How intricate a businesse then t'would be
The *weede* to plucke vp, and the *Wheat* to spare,
Therefore gaue charge to let them both alone
But of this *Husbandry Garnet* would none.

Doth not S^t. *Paul*, doth not all *Scripture* teach?
That none ill ought be done, though thence may rise
A greater good, but what though *Paul* thus preach?
Loiolae's Priests are now growne farre more wise:
For if that any good to th' *Church* may grow
They hold it lawfull to kill friend or foe.

Non facienda sunt mala vt eueniant bona.

Was it not *Mercies* Maiesty and ioy?
Wast not our blessed *Saviours* comfort great?
That none of his did suffer least annoy,
Not one was lost, he all did well intreat:
Adding moreouer that he came to saue,
Not to destroy, whom *God* vnto him gaue.

If *Christs* blest kingdome of this world had beene,
Legions of *Angells* he might haue commanded;
But *Anti Christ*, great *Babels Man* of *Sinne*
Must here be *Lord*, and *King*, and richly landed:
Peter must not once strike in *Christs* defence,
But *Popish-Priests* may vse all violence.

O saith our *Saviour*, *Loue your enemies*,
For Persecutors pray, blesse them that curse:
But you than *Christ* would seeme to be more wise,
Or rather than vnholy *Pagans* worse:
For *Pagans* loue their friends, you would vs slay
Which fauour you, and for your soules health pray.

You are ſo farre from *praying for our good*
(Such is your fiery burning charity)
That you had rather *prey vpon our blood*,
With more than *Canibals* barbarity,
Oh is it poſſible ſuch wrath ſhould reſt,
Tantæne animis cæleſtibus iræ? In *Romes* vn-erring *Popes* moſt ſacred breſt?

But why of *Chriſt* and *Scripture* doe we talke?
To thoſe *Ignatian* wicked *Regicides*,
Who (maugre all *Truths* arguments) will walke
In their owne bloudy paths what ere betides:
They'le hazard life, ſoule, body, goods and all,
To worke their wills moſt *Diabolicall*.

Oh what *Religion* call you this I pray?
Can any giue a proper *Epithite*?
Vnto this doctrine, or theſe Doctors gay,
Incarnate Diuels, *ſeeming-Saints* of light,
Who not themſelues alone to Hell thus throw,
But many thouſands cauſe with them to goe?

Theſe doubtleſſe are thoſe latter daies foretold,
Of *Satans* raigne, and powerfull tyrannie:
Who lik'ſt himſelfe, ſhall thus mens hearts euen mould
Into all formes of ſtrangeſt villanie.
But *Lord* we pray thee, ſtill preſerue thy flocke,
And all *Romes* miſchiefes, fruſtrate, thwart, & mocke.

Things thus contriu'd for *Rome*, *Fauks* priuily
Is ſhipt away: to th' *Pope* he haſts with ſpeed:
To whom their labours he doth ſignifie
From firſt to laſt, how all things did proceed.
His *Holines* his treacherous *Sonne* commended,
Perſwades perſeuerance till all were ended.

Aſſures ſucceſſe and fortunate concluſion:
And ſo diſmiſt him with a bounteous gift,
More amply fraught with precepts of confuſion
And rapid *Tigris*-like he flies full ſwift,
Viſits his ancient friends and old acquaintance
I'th *Duke* of *Auſtria's* Court with welcom'd entrance

Whereas

Whereas he meets with many Fugitiues,
And baniſht ſhauelings of our *Engliſh* nation:
Queſtioning how each thing in *England* thriues,
Greedy to heare of change and alteration:
With ſanguinary *Nero* who deſire
Their Countries glory extinct with ſword and fire.

Sir William Stanly & Maſter Owen. Sir Ed: Bainham, notorious traitors and fugitiues in the Low Countries.

Monſters of men like thoſe which loue to angle
In riuers billowing by fierce *Borea's* blaſt,
Which *loue* to *liue* by diſcord, ſtrife and wrangle,
This their beſt paſtime, this their chiefe repaſt:
Theſe, theſe I ſay, prickt forward him that ran,
And contribute to helpe what he began.

Furniſhing him with counſell as with coyne,
His heart they fill with cunning, craft, and guile,
Brothers in miſchiefe heads and hearts doe ioyne
His heart to hatch, his tongue to lye they file,
They teach him how with *Demonologie*
To hide the platforme of this treachery.

Like furious *Hagge* he home returnes with ſpeed
And to his *Mr. Piercy* doth vnfould
His good ſucceſſe, prayes that they might proceed
With expedition, and with courage bould.
For he was fil'd with all the *Arts* and *Armes*
That *Rome* could yeeld, or *Acherontine* charmes.

And now they hauing with blaſphemous hearts
(As is foreſhowne,) receiued the *Sacrament*,
And ta'ne an oath boldly to act their parts,
To heere *Plutonicke-Maſſe*, incontinent
They them prepare, which done, they all deſire
Now to proceed, to build this furious fire.

Which was done in a houſe behind S^t. Clements Church by the Strand.

And hereupon ſome choyce men they elect
Whoſe charge ſhould be, to digge and vndermine
The *Parliament*, who that they might neglect
No time, prouided bak't meats, beere and wine,
That ſo they might not oft goe in and out,
Fauks at the doore being *Sentinell* or ſcout.

Who

Who still discouered all that passed by,
And as he saw occasion, warning gaue
Sometime to worke, sometime to lay it by,
And by their sides their Peeces charg'd they haue:
Resoluing there to die, if so it hapt,
That by discouerie they should be entrapt.

These *Pioners* through *Piercies* chamber brought
Th'exhausted earth, great baskets full of clay:
Thereby t'haue made a mighty concaue vau't,
And of the house the ground-worke tooke away:
But then at last an obstacle they finde,
Which to remoue, proud *Percy* casts in's mind.

This was the most happy chance that did or could fall out for the discouery of this plot, as afterward is most apparently seene and approued.

A thicke stone wall their passage then did let,
Whereby they could not finish their intent:
Then forthwith *Piercy* did a seller get,
Vnder that sacred house for yeerely rent:
Feigning to fill't with Char-coale, Wood and Beere
From all suspect themselues to cloake and cleere.

Heere now they did consider *Catesbyes* charge,
How all that while the cost on him had lyen:
Wherefore to shew their loue and bounty large,
For due effecting of this foule designe:
Sir Euerard Digby promised to bestow
Fiue hundred pounds, that all things well might goe.

Then traiterous *Treſſam* his great zeale t'expresse,
Vnto this worke of *Popish Piety*
Two thousand pounds would haue in readinesse,
To be imployd in each necessity:
Percy, to *pierce* the *eye* of this our state,
Doth also promise hee'le associate

And beare a part, in this so rare collection:
And from *Northumberlands* great rents would get
Foure thousand pounds at least with due direction
All things in order to dispose and set.
Others would Horse and Armour there prouide,
Others procure an Army gainst the tide.

Where-

Wherewith they might eradicate and stroy
With furie great, the Protestants furuiuing,
Yea all that would *Christs* verity enioy
Of liberty, of lands, of life depriuing:
Such was the hatred of this holy brood,
Such the effect of their nefarious mood.

Amongst them then was this obiection made,
That since as they all hop't the *Prince* would be
I'th *Parliament*: how best might be assaid
The next *Heyre* to suprize: but *Percy* hee
Soone freed them of this feare, and vndertooke,
With his bold mates to seaze on *Charles* then *Duke*.

Next how to get into their custodie
(O hellish Guardians) *Lady Elizabeth*:
Who at *Lord Harringtons* as then did lie,
Not being far remote from *Dunchurch-Heath*
Where they a *Hunt* would couertly pretend,
And friends there meeting, might that danger end.

Lastly, they all consult and take aduice
What *English Lords* and *Noblemen* to saue:
And then what forreine *Prince* they might intice,
Who of this *Kingdome* might possession haue:
Of these and all these circumstances they
Firmely resolu'd against the appointed day.

Each thing thus happning to their hearts desire,
The finall, fatall *Act* to *Fauks* committed,
Whom wee not *Man*, but *Furie* of hell fire
May euer terme, a title best befitted.
This gastly *Ghost-like* monster night by night
To th' Celler goes, all things to order right.

Then doe these damn'd disciples of deceit
Most wickedlie place in this hollow vau't
Small firkins, all with *Gun-powder* repleat,
Barrels and Hogsheads, all with Sulphur fraught:
Placing some heere, somethere, laying thereupon
Great *Iron-bars* right vnder the *Kings* throne.

And to preuent the danger of ſuſpect.
This *Carnifex* with foule *Medea's* guile,
That none theſe *Stygian* engins might detect,
Great ſtore of billets thereupon doth pile
And fagots, thus the barrels ſo to hide,
That they could not without great ſearch be ſpide.

Now hauing fram'd this *Chaos* of confuſion,
This ſeuenfold heated *furnace* of proud *Rome:*
The fift day of *Nouember* for concluſion,
They now expect, for *Englands* fatall doome:
And now this rau'ning *Wolfe* with hungry iawes
Greedily gapes to gripe vs in his clawes. *Faults.*

Thus then he ſtands prepar'd to perpetrate
A more then barbarous moſt inhumane fact:
The like could neuer *Catelines* great hate
Gainſt *Rome* attempt, with hot *Cethegus* backt,
Nor arrogant ambitious *Hamans* thought
Againſt the *Hebrewes* like deſpite haue wrought.

Inferiour farre to this tranſcendent treaſon
Was the *Sicilian* wofull *euen ſong.*
The *Maiſacre* at *Paris* with great reaſon
Comes farre behind this proiect. And among
The beſt *Chronographers* thou nere ſhalt finde
A fact ſo foule, ſo cruell and vnkinde.

Not barbarous *Scythia*, nor *Tartaria* wilde
Did euer heere, or ſee, or enterprize
A plot more impious, horrible and vilde
Then which a worſe could *Pluto* ne're deuiſe,
Nor ſuch a palpable *Egyptian* fogge
Haue rais'd, to reare *Romes* faithleſſe *Synagogue.*

Wherein they hop't a *Kingdome* to deuoure
Like vn-reſiſtible, remorſeleſſe waues:
At *once*, with *one* blow, in leſſe than *one* houre
To make with empty aire the tombes and graues
Of our dread *King*, the *Queene*, the *Prince* our ioy
And Princely Oliue branches thus to ſtroy.

Of

Of peerelesse *Peeres*, and chiefe *Nobility*,
Lycurgus Sonnes, our *Iustices* and *Iudges*,
The *Sonnes* of *Leui*, our most reuerend *Cleargie*,
To whom indeed our foes beare greatest grudges.
The flowre of *Gentry*, yea from *Common-weale*,
Death and destruction should all comfort steale.

The greatest part of our accomplisht *Knights*,
Our *Common-wealths men*, prudent *Burgesses*,
Each skilfull *Clarke* and *Officer* that writes
The Parliament important businesses:
Most of the soundest *Lawyers* in this Land,
Had altogether perisht out of hand.

Nay not these reasonable soules alone
Should in this roaring thundring plague haue dide,
Without all difference or distinction
Of meane, or mighty, flocke or princely guide,
Of Maiesty or Honour, Sexe or Age,
Such was the horror of *Romes* wrath and rage.

But many senceleſſe creatures they had meant
To make partakers of this mischiefe great,
Our famous ancient house of *Parliament*,
Westminster-hall, faire *Englands* iudgement seat:
The *Church* wherein *Kings* had their Coronation,
All turn'd to ashes by this conflagration.

The *Church* I say, wherein the Tombs most rare
Of former famous *Kings* and *Princes* high,
Were with most precious curious cost and care
From age to age erected gloriously,
As endlesse *Trophies* of triumphant raigne,
All these must fall, and nought but dust remaine.

Yea all the markes of *Britaines* royall *State*,
The *Crowne* of *England*, *Scepter*, *Sword* and *Mace*,
Records and *Charters* which appropriate
To all their portion, honour, right and place:
O wofull, ruthfull, these had beene Romes prey,
In this *Sulphurious*, *furious* hells *doomsday*.

So horrid and exorbitant a plot,
Doubtleſſe the *tongue* of man did neuer tell,
Mans *eyes* did nere behold ſo foule a ſpot
Nor did like wrath in humane *heart* ere dwell:
Nay all the *Furies* of the infernall pit,
Could neuer ſuch contagious poyſon ſpit.

So rare a *King*, ſo rare a *Queene* to kill,
So rare a *Prince*, ſo rare a *Progeny*,
So rare a *State*, with ſo much *ruth* to fill,
So rare a *Realme* to bring to miſery,
Whom all the World admires, belou'd of all
Whom none but *Pope* and *Papiſt* wiſh to fall.

If a meane man to ſlay be execrable,
If to ſhed bloud be call'd a crying ſinne:
Oh then how much more odious deteſtable,
Had this moſt monſtrous matchleſſe murther beene?
This more than crying, yea this roaring *Crime*,
Vnparaleſ'd, vnpattern'd by all *Time*.

Theſe thus deſtroy'd, what is the Realme but dead?
Without a head diſmembred bodies die:
And as the ſilly *Hare* without all dread,
Securely thinkes within his *Forme* to lie,
Whom when the *Countriman* aſleepe doth finde,
With his Plow-ſtaffe he kills with eager minde. *Simile.*

Euen ſo *Romes* cruell bloudy *Dragon* had
Obliterated *Englands* name and Nation,
Her glorious beauty, *Babell* would haue clad
In ſable mourning, woe and lamentation:
So huge a throat had this foule monſtr'of *Rome*,
Chriſts flocke at once to ſwallow and conſume.

Who thus at one (indeed fierce *Catholike* blow)
Had *Neroes* moſt inhumane wiſh effected,
Namely that all our *Engliſh* heads might grow
Vpon one body, and who then expected
Not a whole yeare, a Month, weeke, day, but howre,
To ſtrike off all thoſe *Heads* with *Romiſh* power.

Yea

Yea, as it were with one lowd thunder-clap,
as with a *Pettard* fiercely to breake ope,
Our peacefull gate of *Ianus*, and to entrap,
Of all our *Halcyon* dayes of ioy, the *Hope*,
With more than *Cambals* blood-thirsty mood,
Deeming than *mans-flesh* nothing sweeter food.

Oh who is able to articulate?
The seuerall sorrowes of that dismall day,
Or who can liuely paint, or personate
These vile *Neronians?* vaunting in the pray,
Triumphing with the *Trophies* and the spoile
Of their destroyed *Kingdome*, native soile.

No though I had an hundred tongues and harts,
T'indite and tell th'extent of their intention,
Both heart and tongue would faile to doe their parts,
With *Sense* and *Science* of so strange inuention:
Yea learned *Homer* doubtlesse would refuse
A taske so great, so greeuous for to chuse.

For why? me thinks would then haue fresh been showne,
Distressed conquered *Troy* with flames a burning,
London, I meane, Great *Britaines* Princely throne,
Spoyl'd and abus'd, repleat with moane and mourning:
The wealthiest City *Europe* ere enioy'd,
With *Ætnean* furious flames burnt and destroy'd.

Her wals with rammed ruptures rent and torne,
Her stately Turrets, high *Piramides*,
Demolisht and beat downe, as quite forlorne,
Her streets with Souldiers fill'd, none them t'appease:
Then *Mars* vsurping milde *Astrea's* roome,
Their *swords*, not *words*, must giue the fatall doome.

In streets great streames of blood like riuers runne,
Through houses and through sanctified places:
Great screekes and cryes, help, help, we are vndone,
Women with blubbering teares bedrench their faces,
Wringing their hands, and running vp and downe,
Fearefully frighted with their *Foe-mens* frowne.

Mothers into their armes their Infants taking,
With briniſh teares kiſſing their tender cheekes:
Children in parents armes trembling and quaking,
Houſes to ring with *Damſels* wofull ſcreekes,
Aged men murthered, young men ſtricken dead,
Wiues widdowes made, chaſte *maidens* rauiſhed.

This corollary alſo let me adde,
Which greater cauſe of greefe might iuſtly bring:
That no man had beene left in mourning clad,
At *Londons* obſequies a knell to ring
Of Lamentation, to condole her fall,
Which was Great *Britaines* ſeat Emperiall.

For, this was doubtleſſe their infernall drift,
The King *(proh dolor)* Counſellours and State,
Being (alas) confounded) they would ſhift
The *blame* and *ſhame* on thoſe whom moſt they hate.
A *Villaine* falſly ſhould proclaime as truth,
That *Puritans* were authours of this ruth.

So that in euery Country, Towne and City,
(Oh moſt vnparalell'd, moſt wicked wile)
All that were godly giuen without all pitty,
Should be deſtroy'd, as male-factors vile:
Yea deſperately they would with ſword and fire,
All godly men confound with damned ire.

Doubtleſſe this was a craft rak't out of *Hell*
By Diuelliſh *Furies*, framed not by men:
So fowle a crime, ſo falſly to repell
From guilty on the guiltleſſe, and ô then
With periur'd marble hearts, and brazen face,
By impious lies *Gods* people to diſgrace.

To glut themſelues, like *Anthropophagi*,
With blood of men holy and innocent;
Our ſtate to make a wofull *Anarchy*,
Their corrupt cankered miſcheefe thus to vent:
If *Deiſts* they were not, yet without all doubt,
This plot by diuelliſh men was brought about.

Hee

He that can number all the drops in showers,
Which from the *Pleiades* and moist *Orion* fell,
Or *Bees* of thousand swarmes which sucke *May-flowers*,
In *England* then the teares had fallen might tell,
Beyond the *Arcticke* and *Antarcticke Poles*
May this fact flie, and stand in lasting roles.

But now behold, *God* most omnipotent,
Maker, maintainer of the circled *Globe*,
Whose seat's in heauen aboue the firmament,
With maiesty being cloth'd, as with a robe:
His *Israels* carefull *Keeper*, *Shepheard* great,
Who mans affaires beholds from heauenly seat.

Th'*omniscient* knowledge, and *all-seeing* eyes
Of whom, doth all things euery where fore-know
What ere is done, vnder the starry skies,
In deepest *Seas*, or ponderous *earth* below:
Who knowes the closest and most secret deed,
Whose sight doth famed *Lynxes* farre exceed.

Who is the Seacher of the reines and hart,
To whom seditious slaughter of his *Saints*,
All craft and couzenage wrought by humane *Art*,
Are most apparant, and who heares the plaints
Of his deere *Sons*, dispers't, despis'd, forlorne,
Delighteth in the iust, th'vniust doth scorne.

He, he, I say, in mercy did behold
From his supernall and tribunall seat,
The miseries and mischeefes manifold,
Wherewith Great *Britaines King* his foes did threat:
Thus to his glorious *Angell* with sweet voyce,
His will vnfolds, which they to doe reioyce.

You (saith *Iehouah*) now shall vnderstand,
How that the crafty *Hunter Sathan*, proud
With *Chalces* spels and spight, hath tane in hand
Great *Britaines* soile to spoile, yea and hath vow'd
To root out of the earth the *English* Nation,
Who to our *Name* perforne true adoration,

Which,

Which, if he ſhould accordingly atchiue,
The monſtrous * *Beaſt* would ſalue her deadly ſore:
Babel would her dead hopes againe reuiue,
And re-erect a ſtewes for her great *Whore*:
Then *Rome* the *Miſtreſſe* of enormity,
Would baske her ſelfe in *Sins* deformity.

Then alſo would the *Propheſies* of old
Seeme (and that iuſtly) cleane annihilated:
Which of *Romes* downefall formerly haue told,
And that this * *Beaſt* ſhould ſure be captiuated:
All theſe (I ſay) might heereby fruſtrate ſeeme,
And thus my people me forgetfull deeme.

Wherefore I purpoſe with all expedition,
This haſty hatefull enterprize to ſtop,
To promulgate and thwart this their ambition,
Of this rancke riſing weed the flowers to crop:
And though my wrath *Englands* great ſinnes deſerue,
Yet for my names ſake I will them preſerue.

Although (I ſay) *Englands* ingratitude,
Doth my rich mercies careleſly abuſe,
Deſeruing thereby paines amaritude:
Yet will I not permit this *Beaſt* to vſe
My ſword of power, nor giue thoſe * *Imps* my right;
But ſpeedily in wrath their pride Ile ſmite.

This *God* of mercy, iuſt mans conſolation,
To ſhew to vs his loue and bounty large,
With moſt ineffable commiſeration,
A heauenly *Angell* foorthwith giues in charge,
To *Albions Kingdome* with ſwift courſe to flie;
And in his ſleepe the *King* to certifie.

How many dangers hee's inuolu'd into,
How many infectious *Snakes* in's *Court* doe lurke:
Which him and's peacefull *Kingdome* would vndoe,
And to that end what ſnares and gins they worke:
Wiſh him be circumſpect, the * *place* refraine,
Where *Iulius Ceſar* treacherouſly was ſlaine.

Like

a *Antichriſt.*

b *Traytours.*

The Parliaments houſe.

Like *Sampſons* houſe they purpoſe to pull downe
His Kingdome, all at once about his eares:
Their impious plotted *Protaſis* doth frowne,
And their *Epitaſis* intend great feares:
But both of theſe he ioyfully ſhall ſee
Tranſmuted to a bleſt *Cataſtrophè*.

Then to the *Lord Mounteagle* haſte with ſpeede,
To whom theſe *Traytours* haue a caution ſent
In friendly ſort, to moniſh him take heede,
That from this *Senate* he himſelfe abſent:
For why (ſay they) both *God* and *Man* agree,
By a fierce blaſt their foes deſtroy'd to ſee.

And that hee ſhould into the *Countrey* hie,
And there that woefull ſpectacle expect:
And for his ſafety and ſecuritie,
That none the danger might ſee or ſuſpect,
They wiſht him hauing read, the *Letter* burne,
That ſo it might not to his danger turne.

Him thou ſhalt warne his duty to performe,
His *King* and *Countries weale* and *heale* to further:
And of this perill his dread *King* t'informe,
That he may ſcape this direfull dreadfull murther,
Which that ſame *Letter* myſtically ment
Without a *name* but not a bleſt *euent*.

Then from great *Ione* doth wing'd *Minerua* flie,
And ere bright *Titan* on th'*Iberian* flood
Had baniſht *Cynthia* from the ſpangled skie,
This bleſſed *Meſſenger*, with meſſage good,
Arriu'd vpon the coaſts of *Britaine* faire,
His charge to diſcharge duely doth prepare.

Who noble *Morleyes* heart doth firſt enflame
With honeſt care, and diligent deſire
Of his deere *King* and *Countreyes* health and fame
And doth the *Kings* heart graciouſly inſpire
With iudgement moſt profound, the knot t'vntie
(Like *Oedipus*) of this *Ænigma* high,

For thus the *Lord* in's all protecting grace,
Ten dayes before the *Parliament* began,
Ordain'd, that *one* of that moſt trayterous race,
Did meet the *Lord Mounteagles* Seruing-man,
Who about ſeuen a clocke at night was ſent
Vpon ſome errand, and as thus he went,

Croſſing the ſtreet a fellow to him came,
A man to him vnknowen, of perſonage tall,
In's hand a *Letter*, and he gaue the ſame
Vnto this Seruing-man, and therewithall
Did ſtrictly charge him to take ſpeciall heede,
To giue it into's *Maſters* hand with ſpeede.

The Foot-man home vnto his *Lord* did hie,
Gaue him the *Letter*, told him how t'was brought,
Which ſoone he opens, but could not eſpie,
Or date, or name ſubſcrib'd, the hand but naught,
And hardly legible, wherefore his man
He cals to helpe him read, which thus began.

THE LETTER.

MY Lord, *out of the loue I beare to ſome of your friends; I haue a care of your preſeruation, therfore I would aduiſe you, as you tender your life, to deuiſe ſome excuſe to ſhift off your attendence at this* Parliament. *For* God *and* Man *haue concurred to puniſh the wickedneſſe of this time, and thinke not ſlightly of this aduertiſement, but retire your ſelfe into your Countrey, where you may expect the euent in ſafety. For though there be no appearance of any ſtir, yet I ſay they ſhall receiue a* Terrible Blow *this* Parliament, *and yet they ſhall not ſee who hurts them. This counſell is not to be contemned, becauſe it may doe you good, and can doe you no harme, for the danger is paſt ſo ſoone as you haue burnt the* Letter. *And I hope* God *will giue you the grace to make vſe of it: To whoſe holy protection I commend you.*

Theſe

Theſe ſtrange *contents* his thoughts much *diſcontent*,
A thouſand cogitations hence ariſe:
What fact? what friend? what this *Ænigma* ment?
What myſticke danger theſe words might diſguiſe?
Or whether t'were ſome *addle idle* braine,
That this had writ, to cauſe him thence refraine.

If it ſhould prooue a fond fantaſticke toy,
To ſtirre therein would turne to his diſgrace:
But if it ſhould include ſome dire annoy
Vnto his perſon, or that ſacred place
Of *Parliament*, he then might prooue diſloyall,
Hee's loth, and yet deſires to make a triall.

Wherefore, at laſt, as is fore-ſpecified,
Gods ſacred *Angell* Meſſenger of grace,
To his perplexed thoughts this cure applied,
And will'd him this occaſion to embrace,
And in his heart kindled a zealous flame,
Not to *conceale*, but to *reueale* the ſame.

Thrice noble *Morley* (quoth this *Angell* bright)
Whom Heau'n hath vouched worthy this great honor,
That thou ſhouldſt be the *man* ſhall bring to light,
Thy *King* and *Countreyes* threatned woe and horror;
By that vſurping *whoriſh Beaſt* of *Rome*,
Who *Albions* Iſland hopes now to conſume.

O ſtand not doubting, pondring in thy minde,
Whether this be a toy or true report,
A *truth*, a *happy truth*, thou heere ſhalt finde
Of woe and wracke, to *Countrey* and to *Court*.
If thou it hide, a world of woes enſue,
If thou reueale it, honour be thy due.

And though this *Letter* ſeemeth moſt obſcure,
Like great *Apollo's Delphean Myſterie*,
Yet I a *Ioſeph*, *Daniel* will procure,
T'vntwine the twiſt of its obſcurity:
Since in thy hands then lies both weale and woe,
Haſte, haſte with ſpeede, in *Court* this *Letter* ſhow.

This happy motion driues out former doubt,
In this right noble *Lord Mounteagles* hart:
Who now reſolues t'examine and finde out
The truth heereof, and foorthwith to depart:
And though it were both dirty, darke and late,
Yet he the time will not procraſtinate.

But like a noble *Eagle* hauing catcht
A rich, a princely prey, aloft he ſores,
Hee's not at quiet till hee haue diſpatcht
This great affaires: He Heau'ns great ayde implores,
To auſpicate and grant a bliſſefull end,
To this moſt anxious act he did intend.

And thus with loyall heart away he goes,
Thereto reſolu'd what euer ſhould betide:
To th'*Court* he went this matter to diſcloſe,
To th'Earle of *Salsb'ryes* chamber ſoone he hide,
Whither heauens finger doubtleſſe him directed,
As the beſt meanes to haue this fact detected.

To this *Vlyſſes* he the *Letter* ſhowes,
He th'other *Counſell*, they in doubtfull wiſe
Poſſeſſe the *King* therewith, who ſtraight-way goes
Together with them thereof to take aduiſe:
Each one propounds his iudgement ſeuerally,
As in a caſe of great anxiety.

One thinkes it was ſome idle vaine conceipt,
Another he is of the ſelfe ſame minde,
Others doe iudge it did ſome danger threat,
None could the right way of this *Lab'rinth* finde:
Not one of them could diue to th'depth & ground,
None could this obſcure myſtick riddle expound.

At laſt our prudent *King*, *Apollo's* Sonne,
Faire *Englands Ioſeph*, waighing with diſcretion
Each circumſtance, vnto them thus begunne,
Our iudgements muſt take yet more deep impreſſion,
This is no triuiall worke or fantaſie,
But muſt be ſifted with great ſcrutinie.

I well

I well remember, and you all doe know,
That little smoake being at first depreſt
Doth mighty fiers (though hid) at length forth show;
And in this grasse some *Serpent* foule doth reſt,
Or else I am deceiu'd: for to my minde
Now comes that * rumor of the *Romists* blind.

* *Magnalicet numquam nocuit cautela Monarchis.*

Whose *Genius* guided by *Erynnis* vile
Neuer pull downe the blacke flag of dissention,
But what with threats, poysons, deceit and guile,
They practise to effect their foule intention,
Plodding and plotting as a most iust thing,
By *Iesuites* principles to kill their King.

No doubt but here is fram'd some *Engine* strange,
Some second *Troian* horse, or traiterous traine?
Or else about vs doth some *Iesuite* range,
Who would his hands in our deere heart-blood staine:
Some monstrous Machination (credit me)
Is in this *letter* couched priuilie.

Tis not the froth of *fickle*, *brittle*, braine,
But *Hierogliphicke* of blacke treachery:
In that he prayes his friend thus to refraine
From comming thither: and in hast to flye,
Yea farther, he great danger menaceth,
A suddaine, terrible, fierce stroke of death.

Which with great *Wonder*, like a *thunder*-clap
Should on their foes precipitately fall:
Vnlesse by *Gun-powder* this thing may hap,
Nought else so likely I to mind can call:
And 't may be they'le abuse that hellish Art,
To our great *ruine* and *ensuing* smart.

Therefore most loyall *Sirs* I much desire
To be resolu'd, and truely t'vnderstand
Who the adiacent houses hould or hire
To our great Capitoll, what cellers and
What arched vaults there are vnder the ground,
Let secret search be made, the truth out found.

Then ſtraight *Lord Chamberlaine* with others moe,
Makes carefull inquiſition of each thing:
What houſes, who them held, what cellers low,
Of each particular reſolues the King:
Percy (ſaith he) dwell's there and hath a vaut,
With wood and char-coale plentifully fraught.

Hence preſently, greater ſuſpicion growes,
And Wiſe Sir *Thomas Kneuet* that good *Knight*,
Was giuen in charge the matter to diſcloſe,
Who on the fourth day of *Nouembr* 'ith night
Perluſtrated each doubtfull part and place,
And did each thing vncouer and vncaſe.

And leaſt hereby ſuſpition might haue growne,
They feign'd to ſeeke out ſtollen veſtiments:
Where firſt hee findeth *Guido Fauks* alone
Diuell of that *Den*, ord'ring his inſtruments,
Booted and ſpur'd then ſtanding at the doore,
Hauing diſpatcht his taske little before.

Hauing as then, I ſay, in order placed
His *all-diſordering* fuming *Ætnaes* pit:
Which ſhould his cauſeleſſe *country* quite haue raced,
And all her ſtately towers in ſunder ſplit.
He apprehends him, *graſpes* and *claſps* his hands,
With hempen cords, and then no longer ſtands.

But quickly enters this infernall *Cell*,
And truſtily puls downe the piles of wood,
But ſodaine *fright* this *Knight* did daunt and quell,
For why, his ſeruants as he ſearching ſtood,
Crye out, alas, this wood doth *ponder* hide,
For I two hogſheads full haue here eſpid'e.

Let vs ſearch further, for we more ſhall finde
Among'ſt theſe billets placed priuilie:
Oh treaſon paſt the reach of mortall minde,
Oh hatefull, vnheard, ſtrange conſpiracie:
Then more and more they ſpeedily finde out,
And thereby proue the truth of former doubt.

Then

Then thirty barrels more with *Sulphur* fill'd,
And two great hogsheads ere they ceas't they found,
Now *Fauks* to search he his attendants will'd,
Which did his trecherous heart with enuy wound:
For from his necke a *Crucifix* they snatch,
A shirt of haire he wore his skin to scratch.

From forth his pocket then the *Match* they tooke
Which should haue rais'd *Chimera's Mino-taures*,
From *hell* to *earth*, yea and with horrid-looke
The *Gorgons*, *Hags*, *Alecto's*, *Semitaures*: (station,
Which would haue brought *Vulcan* from's hellish
To worke in *Ætna* dolefull desolation.

Wherewith, he vow'd to stroy and cleane put out,
Th'illustrious *fame* of *famous Albion*:
Whose peace and plenty, strength and valor stout
In faire *Europa* will giue place to none:
This glorious *Realme* i'th twinkling of an eye,
He would haue rob'd of all her royalty.

Yea with such vn-heard craft they did contriue
This treason, and conceal'd so secretly,
That but poore twelue *houres England* should suruiue
From this fierce blow, whose *eccheing* roare would flie
Louder then *Nyle* rushing from rockie coombe,
Or than *Encelade* when he shakes his toombe.

The proiect crost, their flower of hope thus cropt,
The *Traitors* selfe the fact confest, but said
He greeued most to see his will so stopt,
And that but *this*, nought should his hand haue stai'd.
O heart more hard than *Iudas*, *Pharaohs*, *Caines*,
O curst religion which mans soule so banes.

They hearing this, doe thus in griefe burst out,
Heere ô ye *heauens*, tremble ô *earth* below,
Was euer seene or known the world about
A deed so strange, prodigious? nay we know,
That euen the heart of *Turkie* or *Barbarie*
Like monstrous mischiefe neuer did descry.

To

To which the bloudy butchery in *France*,
By *Popiſh Edomites* made on *Chriſts* flocke
Is vnequiualent, giues but a glance
(Reſpecting this) of *Romes* rebellious ſtocke:
Whoſe memory much dim's each former ſlaughter,
Diſgrace of this, and of all age hereafter.

An aggrauation from the incomparable cruelty of the fact.

1

The vnheard horror whereof may appeare
In theſe ſixe circumſtances which heere follow:
Firſt, if they had adiudged vs to beare
By reaſonable creatures, deaths great ſorrow,
If men by men ſhould haue beene deaths fierce fuell,
The fact had beene more humane, farre leſſe cruell.

For why? there had beene hope by *force* or *fence*,
By *teares* or *treates* ſome pitty to obtaine:
Yea mittigation of their violence:
Euen in the *Act* their fury to reſtraine:
As to heau'ns glory our dread *King* did finde
In *Gowries* treaſon cruell and vnkinde.

The Armed mã in the cloſet which was ſet to kill his Maieſtie.

2

Or, if by any other brutiſh *Animalls*
Though they then men are farre more pittileſſe,
Inexorable, at our wofull calls
Would vs deuoure with beaſt-like greedineſſe:
This kind of death indeed had beene more fierce,
Yet heere were hope *Deaths* ſentence to reuerſe.

For why by force, or pleaſurable cauſe,
There may euaſion, mercy oft be found:
To ſcape the furious fangs, and cruſhing clawes
Of fierceſt Lyons penetrating wound.
Daniel i'th Den, the * *Romane* in the Caue,
Sampſon, * *Ring Richard* ore them conqueſt haue.

* *Androdus*
* *Riehard* the firſt, ſurnamed Cor de Lion.

3

Againe, which is moſt cruell of the three
By things inſenſible, inanimate,
To which all *groanes* all *moanes* muſt fruſtrate be,
Being ſenceleſſe of themſelues, *moſt* of our *ſtate*:
By theſe (alaſſe) to periſh and decay,
No *hope*, no *helpe*, nought can their fury ſtay.

Beſides

Beſides obſerue, that of all ſenceleſſe things,
Thoſe two fierce Elements, *Water* and *Fire*
Are moſt deuouring, great'ſt confuſion brings,
By their *repreſſeleſſe* and *reſiſtleſſe* ire:
Whoſe *inundations*, *all-confounding* flames,
Orewhelms whole Realms, makes duſt of rareſt frames.

Adde yet this one materiall obſeruation,
Which to this purpoſe heere may noted be;
Farther t' extend this endleſſe aggrauation,
That all men may their helliſh miſchiefe ſee:
Of theſe two *all-quick-eating* elements,
By *fire* we haue moſt grieuous detriments.

For, though the *Waters* hugely ouerflow,
Drowne man and beaſts, and all things in their ſource:
Yet when into their bounds they backward goe,
All things remaine in ſubſtance little worſe:
Although the life and beauty be quite loſt,
Yet lifeleſſe moſt things bide within their coaſt.

But when or whereſoeuer the *fires* fierce rage
Takes hold on houſes, *Palaces* or *Places*,
On Shepheards cottage, or rich heritage,
Of gold, or treaſure, all it quite out-races:
Cattell and Corne, all together thruſt,
Are all conſum'd, nought left but droſſe and duſt.

Therefore that we by *fire* ſhould be conſum'd,
Yea and of *fires* the *fierceſt* moſt *outragious*,
By puffing *powder* vnto death thus doom'd,
A death ſo deſperate, bloudy, and contagious:
O ſpeake (alas) what hope was of redemption
From this ſo mortall miſchieuous conſumption?

No teares (alas) could heere a iot preuaile,
For why (ô woe) no time for teares was giuen:
No ſtrength was able, no power to aſſaile,
With ſuch ſtrange violence they had beene driuen:
No mortall *might*, might ſtay this mortall blow,
No power protect vs from this monſtrous woe.

No meanes I ſay leſſe then a miracle,
And that immediately from *Gods* owne hand:
Such as is mention'd in the Oracle
Of ſacred Scriptures, when heauen did command
That *Babilonian* fiery furnace power,
That it could not once touch, much leſſe deuoure.

That rare *pare-royall* of true *Piety*,
Sweet *Shedrach*, *Meſach*, and *Abednago*:
True worſhippers of Heauens *Deity*
In whom the *Lord* did ſuch a wonder ſhow:
And certainly ſuch was to vs Gods grace,
And we well nigh in as like dangerous caſe.

But bleſſed, ô thrice bleſſed *Trin-one Lord*,
Our powerfull, and moſt pittifull protector,
Thine endleſſe praiſe we euer ſhall record;
O our moſt holy, glorious, iuſt director:
The gracious ſmiles of thy preuenting pitty,
Makes bleſt *Hoſanna* be our ioyfull ditty.

Heere may we not omit this obſeruation:
Namely, the great impoſſibility
Another aggrauation from the impoſſibility of diſcouering the fact. Of hope, of this ſtrange treaſons publication
By all the reach of humane policy:
And therefore that *God* onely did vs ſaue,
And hereunto fiue reaſons more we haue.

1 Firſt to keepe ſecret and performe th'intent
They bound themſelues by oath, firme, deepe & ſtrong.
2 Then heereupon receiu'd the *Sacrament*,
Oh horrid fact, ô moſt blaſphemous wrong.
3 They alſo tutred were by *Ieſuites*,
To vſe all couzening trickes, deluding ſlights.

Namely on Oath, yea euen on their ſaluation,
(That none the truth might from them ere get out)
To vſe that tricke of *falſe Equiuocation*,
Mens ſenſes ſo to circumuent and flout:
As that we might haue proou'd vaine queſtioniſts
Deluded by theſe impious *Idoliſts*.

More-

Moreouer though t'is granted that that Letter
Was the first instrument of our blest peace: 4.
Yet certainely little t'had beene the better,
If *God* had not so caus'd that worke to cease
Of vnderming that great Capitoll,
By reason of the thicke and stony wall.

Which so should crosse what they did first intend,
As that they must the *Powder-Celler* hire,
Whereinto they their hellish stuffe did send
To set our *King* and *Senate* all on fire:
Which had it beene of those things voyd and free,
Where might it haue been thought that stuffe to be?

If when the powder being with Charcoale hid
Though found at first, was not at all suspected:
Oh had not *God* that *Mining-worke* forbid,
How could the *vault* in time haue beene detected?
Since no man thereof euer dreamt or thought;
Nor till the *Traitors* selues confest, 'twas sought.

The last, not least thing which we note herein, 5.
That *God* did mooue the *King* still to reiorne
The time he should the Parliament begin,
Which also fitted best the *Traitors* turne:
But cheefly vnto vs it fell out best,
Heauens *King* be euer therefore prais'd and blest.

Now through both *Court* and *Country* speedily,
Through *Towne* and *City*, street, and euery place,
Through all the *kingdome* doth the rumour flie
Of this deliuerance, *Gods* preuenting Grace:
Annoy is turn'd to ioy and sweet content,
Mens hands, and hearts, and knees to prayer bent.

O thou the great *commander* of Heauen high,
Th'Almighty *ruler* of the *earth* below,
Which by thy *Thunder* dost all terrifie,
In promise iust, to anger very slow:
Oh how can we sufficiently recount (mount?
Thy condigne praise which doe the heauens sur-

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In promise iust, to anger very slow:
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Thy condigne praise which doe the heauens sur-

Thou didſt vs ſaue from ſlaughtering ſword and fire,
From miſerable Maſſacre and death:
From thoſe which 'gainſt thy *Lawes*, our *lines* conſpire,
Thou onely *Sions Sauiour* gau'ſt vs breath:
And as from teeth of greedy Sauage *Beares*,
Didſt vs recouer, and redeeme from feares.

And like *Cephèan* faire *Andromadè*
Whom *Perſeus* guarded from the gaping *Whale*;
So we being *bound* to *boundleſſe* miſerie
By thee more powerfull *Perſeus* doe preuaile:
By thy great bounty and benignity
Are we ſet free, from grim aduerſity.

Thou, onely thou, by power of thy right hand,
Haſt our poore ſilly ſinfull ſoules preſeru'd:
Vnworthy, moſt vnworthy for to ſtand
Before thy preſence, hauing from thee ſweru'd.
We though thy foes, yet doe thy mercies finde,
Thou waſt moſt courteous when we were vnkinde.

Though we (alas) daily delight in ſinne,
Quenching thy Spirit in vs, foſtring the fleſh,
Endangering Heauens loſſe, our Luſt to winne:
Like *dogges* to vomit, ſinning ſtill afreſh,
Contemning thy beheſts and holy name,
Vſing thy *Saints* with ſcornefull ſcoffes and ſhame.

Chooſing the wrong, forſaking the right way,
Labouring to pleaſe our ſelues, though diſpleaſe thee,
Blindly perſiſting when we goe aſtray:
Thinking to liue like *Saints* in vanity,
As *bee* which raues not with the franticke mad,
Being amongſt them is eſteem'd as bad.

Great are thy workes, greater thy mercies are,
Thy meekeneſſe, mildneſſe, patience, infinite:
Who in thy *Loue* (oh our good God) didſt care
For vs, of our ſelues careleſſe: Day and night
Neglecting thee and thine, preferring more
Our profit, pleaſure, thy ſweet grace before.

O let

O let thy *grace* our *graceleſſe* hearts reuiue,
And turne our eyes into a flood of teares:
Oh let vs not ſtill liue, as dead aliue,
Sleeping in Sin, *feareleſſe* of Sins great *feares*:
O giue vs grace the *Old-man* to forſake,
And with true faith, firme hold on *Chriſt* to take.

Illuminate the blindneſſe of our hart,
That we may ſee the ill which we haue done:
And grant (ô father) though not our deſart,
With teares, it ſeene we may deſire to ſhun,
And with inceſſant ſighes and groaning greefe,
Giue grace to waile our wants and finde releefe.

Yea feede vs *Lord* with heauenly *Manna* ſweet,
Thy ſacred *Word*, to which terreſtriall treaſure
Is but dry moſſe, or droſſe; oh guide our feet,
To tread the paths which lead to laſting pleaſure:
That as *Chriſts* name with tongue we doe profeſſe:
So by our *workes* we may our *faith* expreſſe.

The yeere precedent was moſt fatall found,
To many thoulands of our brethren deere:
Whom the great *plague* infectiouſly did wound,
And now this *Powder-plague* we ſcap't full neere:
But thy ſtrong hand, ô *Lord*, the ſlaughtering blade
Hath backe retorted, and our foes diſmaide.

For the yeere before this Powder-plot was the great plague in England.

Theſe things, ô Lord, doe plainely teſtifie,
Our greeuous ſins t'haue highly thee diſpleaſed:
Yet we may ſee, by this thy clemency,
How quickely thou from wrath wilt be appeaſed:
Thou ſhew'ſt thy rod, and mildely do'ſt it ſhake,
That we may ſee thy grace and ſinne forſake.

And as a *Mother* chaſtizing her childe,
Lothly lifts vp her hand, ſoone lets it fall:
So with like *loue* euen of a *father* milde,
Thou vs thy children laboureſt to recall:
But if nor *words*, nor *warning* may reclaime vs,
Thy puniſhments, ô *Lord*, will iuſtly tame vs.

And doubtleſſe though the *Lord* to wrath be ſlow,
Yet if too farre prouok't, his ire will burne:
His vials of deſtruction he will throw
Vpon th'vngodlyes head, which will not turne
From vanity: like ſtubble in the field
They ſhall conſume, and to his iudgements yeild.

Then let vs, oh let vs with ſpeciall care
Learne, by the *Lords* ſo frequent exhortation,
To loue and feare him, yea let vs declare
The *Goſpells* fruits in our liues reformation,
And let vs hate *Babel* the iuſt mans foe,
The ſeat of *Anti-Chriſt* where *ſinne* doth flow.

The very *Baſis* of impiety,
And *Cage* of vncleane birds loathſomely fould,
Of which I may affirme moſt faithfully:
That though thou hadſt *Alcides* courage bould,
Thou couldſt not cleanſe *Romes ſin-proud* ſhining hals,
More foule by farre then fowle *Augea's* ſtals.

But that of ancient Prophets the prediction
of *Babels* bane, this age to paſſe may bring,
To ſee both *Rome*, & *Romes* proud *Whores* conuiction,
This conqueſt great *Lord* grant vnto our *King*:
Whoſe life as tis moſt precious in thy ſight,
So let thy glory ſhine in his great might.

To propagate, and further to extend,
The glorious *Sunne-ſhine* of thy *Goſpell* pure:
His foes to ſee, and ſhun, his power to bend
To puniſh and pull downe the euill doer:
To loue the *good*, the *haughty* to ſuppreſſe,
To maintaine vertue, beat downe wickedneſſe.

That *Iuſtice* like a riuer with ſwift ſource,
Through *all* the *Kingdome* to *all* people may
Extend her ſtreames, and vncorrupted courſe,
And that he ſo this noble *Realme* may ſway,
As that heere liuing he may liue in peace,
And after death his fame may neuer ceaſe.

That

That all his *Nobles*, and right noble *Peeres*,
The most illustrious *Senate* of this Land,
Whose hearts this thy great loue and mercy cheeres,
May feare thy name, and *Gospels* foes withstand,
That till their end of daies and liues last hower,
They may adore thy *Maiesty* and power.

And for so great, so good deserts of thine,
So blest deliuerance, life and liberty, *Of Parliament.*
Grant from that sacred * *house* such Lawes diuine
May be establisht, with seuerity,
As may redownd to th' honour, ioy and health,
Of *King* and *Subiects*, *Church* and *Common-wealth*.

That these most cruell curfed *Canaanites*,
The props and pillers of that shamelesse *Whore*,
These sons of *Edome*, *Churches Ismaelites*,
Who (euen as *Sheepe* to die) had markt vs ore,
May be cut off from mongst vs, which so long
Haue wrought & sought our peace to break & wrong.

Which like inhumane barbarous *Paricides*,
Would cut the throat of their sweet *Parents* deere,
I meane their *Countrey*, ô vile *Homicides*,
With one fierce blow to make their passage cleere,
Inferiour nought to *Nero's* fowle desire,
Who wisht to see his *Countrey* all on fire.

Who plot and practize guiltlesse blood to spill, *A breefe recapitulation of Romes enormities.*
Delighting most in rapine, thefts and lies,
Teaching as most true doctrine, *Kings* to kill,
Forbidding *Marriage*, not *Adulteries*,
Yea, *incest* and such other *sins* of shame (name.
They slight esteeme, which *Christians* should not

Whose *Pope*, and holy *Priest-hood*, for their gaine
And filthy lucre, thinke it not a shame,
Their odious *Stewes* in publike to maintaine;
And yeerely tribute for this cause to claime:
Whose practize is, to couzen and dissemble,
Whose blasphemies would cause the godly tremble.

Who

Who doe by grounds of their *Religion* hold
(That which no *Heretiques* or *Sect* whatſ'ere,
No not the *Turke*, the *Iew*, nor *Pagan* bold,
Nor thoſe of *Calicut* which ſerue and feare
The *Diuell*) to kill their King, (ô moſt notorious)
For *Conſcience ſake*, and ſay 'tis meritorious.

Who mingle with *Gods* word, and to preferre
Their owne traditions, doe eſteeme moſt iuſt:
Wirh ſtrong deluſions cauſing men to erre,
Vſing, abuſing Scriptures to their luſt,
Teaching for truth the * *dreames* of idle *Friers*,
Slandring *Gods* truth like moſt nefarious Liers.

* For the Popes Eaſt India, I meane Purgatory, was firſt occaſioned by Frier Ioachim who dreampt of ſuch a thing.

Who both the *Lawes* of *God* and *Man* abuſe,
Breaking the bands of bleſt *humanity*,
The *Turkes* prophane ſuch vileneſſe nere did vſe,
Nor ſauage *Indians* like barbarity,
Nay impious *Aſſyria* neuer ſam,
Th'impieties, which *Rome* maintaines by Law.

O why then foſter we theſe poyſonous *Snakes*?
Theſe monſtrous *Hydra's* with vs to abide:
With whom what *People*, *Kingdome* long partakes
In which *Romes* furious fangs are not deſcride?
But if we will perſiſt them ſtill to ſpare,
Lets blame our ſelues if we fall in their ſnare.

Then leaue we them and all their ſlie deluſions,
And as tis fit, let vs with feruent *zeale*
Renounce their loue, *repell* their falſe intruſions,
Nor ere in ought with them commerce or deale:
For though in ſhew they ſilly *Lambs* would ſeeme,
Yet who ſo tries them, will them woolues eſteeme.

Thou then the *God* of our inheritance,
Our part, our portion, buckler, ſtaffe and ſtay.
Thy *Sions Sauiour*, ſtrong deliuerance,
Vnder thy wings preſerue vs ſtill we pray:
Make voyd and fruſtrate *Babels* hatefull pride,
The cauſe is thine (ô *Lord*) ſtand on our ſide.

Reſiſt

Reſiſt their rage, for gainſt thy *Church* they raue,
Reuenge the blood of thy diſtreſſed *Saints*,
And let thy people thy protection haue,
And when they *greene*, *releene* their ſad complaints:
O *Lord* we pray thee *bleſſe* and *dreſſe* thy Vine:
Thy *Lone*, thy *Doue*, this little *Flocke* of thine.

Yea *Lord* at all times in extreameſt ſtraights
Thy helpe is preſent, and thy preſence ſweet:
Thy *ſacred arme* our *ſecret armies* waites,
To foyle our foes and caſt them at our feet:
Thou *Lord* do'ſt cauſe the fell *Monocerote*,
To beare on's brow a ſoueraigne *Antidote*.

Wherefore (ô *Lord*) this wonderous worke of thine,
Our voyce and verſe for euer ſhall record:
To ſing thy praiſe our hearts we will encline,
Thy *name* and *fame*, ô our cœleſtiall *Lord*,
In euery *Houſe*, *Shire*, *Citty*, *Street* and *Temple*,
And teach our children this by our enſample.

Throughout this *Kingdome* we thy fame will raiſe,
And tell thy workes vnto each forraine nation:
While vitall *breath* from *death* prolongs our dayes,
While *Sunne* and *Moone* ſhine in their clowdy ſtation,
Our *Singers* ſhall ſing *Pſalmes* to thee on high,
Oh bleſſed, bleſſed, bleſſed *Trinity*.

Omnis gloria ſolius eſt Domini.

FINIS.

H MIS-

FINIS.

MISCHEEFES MYSTERIE:

OR,

Treaſons Maſter-peece.

The ſecond Part.



Infernall Fauks *with* Dæmoniacke *hart,*
Being ready now to act his Helliſh *part,*
Booted *and* ſpurr'd, *with* Lanthorne *in his hand,*
And match *in's* pocket, *at the* doore *doth ſtand;*
But, wiſe Lord Kneuet *by* Diuine Direction
Him apprehends: and findes the Plots *detection.*

LONDON,
Printed by E. GRIFFIN, dwelling in the Little Olde
Bayly neere the ſigne of the Kings-head. 1617.

MISCHIEFS
MYSTERIE:

Or,

Treason's Master-piece.

The second Part.

LONDON,

Printed by E. G. for R. Harding, in the Little Old-

TO THE RIGHT Worſhipfull, Mr. *Henry Iay* Alderman of *London*, and one of the principall *Gouernours* of *Chriſts Hoſpitall*, to whom *I. V.* wiſheth a full meaſure of *Grace* in this life, and the fulnes of *Glorie* in the life to come.

IT is as eaſie as ridiculous
(Right Worſhipfull*) for men officious*
By fauours bound: to promiſe very faire,
But to performe and pay is all the care.
Heer's *all the labour*, this *the onely ſtop,*
This doth the flower of frequent promiſe *crop.*
Since then to promiſe much, and nought to pay,
Is the chiefe badge vaine-glory *to diſplay:*
And with fond Ciclicus *to promiſe faire,*
Is vainely to build caſtles in the Ayre;
How then ſhould I without deſeru'd diſgrace
Preſume to promiſe? knowing my weake caſe:
For as both I *and my deere fostered* Brother
Haue both of vs Chriſts-Hoſpitall *our* Mother.
And he in you doth finde Paternall *care;*
*And you of that bleſt-*Houſe *a* Patron *are,*
A principall and pious Gouernour,
Religions friend, *and* Learnings *fauourer.*
Therefore I muſt ingenuouſly agnize
That I, with him, am bound to you likewiſe:
Both for the good which he in you doth finde,
Whereof I dee partake by ioy in minde:
As alſo that your Worſhip *ruling* there

Whereas I now doe a poore office beare,
Therefore I ſay, I owe vnto you more,
And am obliged in ſo large a ſcore,
As my poore Talent neuer will ſuffice
To pay the debt, or erè to equalize
The merit, of your manifold deſart
By other reall ſigne, than thankefull Heart.
Yet, rather then I would ſo brutiſh be,
Ingratefully my duety thus to flee:
Becauſe not able to pay what I owe,
Promiſe *and* payment *rudely to fore-ſlow.*
I haue beene bould, emboulдned *by your fauours,*
To giue this ſecond part of my poore labours:
To dedicate this Mite *of my* Good-will
To your Good Worſhip: *but not to fulfill*
Or fully ſatisfie the boundleſſe bond,
Wherein obliged vnto you I ſtand.
But onely thus to ſhew, and to expreſſe,
My beſt *and* preſt *deſire of thankfulneſſe:*
Which with my prayers for your proſperity,
Shall neuer ceaſe t'implore Heau'ns Deity.
Accept therefore (Right Worſhipfull) *I pray*
This Symbole *of my* ſeruice, *firſt* Eſſay.
*Regard not (*Worthy Sir*) the Quantity*
Of this poore preſent, but the Quality.
The gift *but meane, the* giuers heart *ſincere,*
Thus ſome ſmall part of my great debt to cleere:
Which, hoping your good Worſhip *will reſpect,*
Heaun's Grace *and* Goodnes *you and yours protect.*

Your worſhips in his beſt endeuours
to be commanded:

IOHN VICARS.

The Myſtery of Miſchiefe
OR,
Treaſons Maſter-Peece.

The ſecond Part.

NOW looke we backe, whereas we lately left:
Incarcerate *Fauks* that curſt incarnate *Deuill*,
Whoſe heart was cleane of Piety bereft,
And ſtrangely hardned with infernall euill:
So that a ſecond *Scænola* moſt bold,
In this audacious wretch might all behold.

For why? he durſt moſt ſhameleſly proclaime
This *hatefull* fact, to be an *holy deed*:
And that the zeale of *Romes Faith* did enflame
His curſed heart, with boldneſſe to proceed;
And that he grieu'd for nothing more than this,
That of the Workes concluſion he did miſſe.

Adding moreouer, with ſtrange impudence,
That if he had beene in the *Cellar* ta'ne
As t'was abroad, he being new come thence:
He would haue ſet on fire the powder-traine,
And both himſelfe, with thoſe that had him catcht,
Would then haue blowne vp, and of life diſpatch't.

Yea

Yea when before the *King* and *Counſell* graue
He ſtood, to be examined and tride,
Moſt ſcornefully he did himſelfe behaue,
And oftentimes would ſeeme euen to deride
What was demanded, *ſo* ſmall grace he had:
So hard a heart, his conſcience was *ſo* bad.

Nay more, there were thoſe which did ſurely heare
Vile *Robert Winter*, *Winter* impudent,
In whom the very *Autumne* did appeare,
And fruitleſſe *Wintr'* of an impenitent:
Who being in the *Tower* a time did finde.
To ſpeake to *Fauks*, and thus to vtter's mind.

Thou know'ſt (friend *Fauks* quoth *Winter* to his mate,)
That *Cateſby* and *my ſelfe* haue children left:
And *Boyes* will once grow vp to *Mans* eſtate,
Then are we not of comfort quite bereft:
For why I hope they'l then reuenge our wrong,
And for our ſakes our Foes once lay along.

Yea, though we had no children of our owne,
Yet *God* to *Abraham* can children raiſe
Euen from the fiery *flint*, the ſterile ſtone,
And I much maruell no man in our praiſe
For this moſt zealous *Action* doth indite
And an *Apologie* for vs doth write.

But howeſoe're, let's vow and here proteſt,
When we before the people are to die
To maintaine our iuſt cauſe, and manifeſt
Our ardent *zeale* for *Romes* ſupremacy.
Content quoth *Fauks*, for this I doe ſuppoſe,
The *Diuell* not *God* did this our fact diſcloſe.

Oh monſtrous men, ô hard hearts, brazen faces,
Paſt grace, paſt goodneſſe, void of feare or ſhame:
To offer God and man theſe foule diſgraces;
Our *good*, heauens *God*, thus foulely to defame
Farre worſe then *Iulian* that *Apoſtata*,
Or *Eccholius*, worſe than theſe I ſay.

For

For though proud *Iulian* with blasphemous words
And tyrannous attempts gainst *Christ* did fight,
Slaying the *Christians* with his murthering swords,
Scorning and scoffing at *Truths* glorious light:
Yet ere he di'd, he did confesse and cry,
Thou, Galilean, hast the victory.

So *Ecebolius* a *Philosopher*,
Who also liu'd in wicked *Iulians* time,
Remorse of Conscience forcing him so farre,
At the Church dore fell downe, confest his crime,
And wofully to th' *Christians* thus did say,
On me vnsauory salt, tread, tread, I pray.

Calcate me salem insipidum.

But this remorseleſſe, graceleſſe, godleſſe brood
Of *rammish Romists* most vnsauory salt:
Are not asham'd, afraid, with impious mood,
Not onely not to grieue for this great fault,
But, most impenitent, *auouch* and *say*,
This helliſh *plot*, their *country* to *destroy*.

So impenitent and impudent are they,
So farre from impious *Iulians* forc't confession:
So farre from *Ecebolius*, as to say
With heart relenting, and with true contrition:
O *Truth*, ô *Truth*, thou hast the vpper hand,
O no, to th'death against *Truth* these will stand.

And, to this strange impenitence, I may
Heere adde the Traitor *Tressam's* periury:
As most apparant markes thus to display
This *Whore* of *Babell*, and her blasphemy:
And let no *Romish Rabsheca* be moou'd,
To say th'are false, for both were iustly proou'd.

This *Tressam* to the *Counsell* had confest
That oft with *Garnet* he had conference
About this Treason, yea he did protest
That *Garnet* knew and had intelligence
Of that inuasion by the *King* of *Spaine*,
Which greedily they gapt for, but in vaine.

This alſo being proou'd to *Garnets* face:
Yet *Treſſam* ere he dy'd did take his oath
And on his ſoules ſaluation (voyd of grace)
Vilely recanted, falſly forſwore them both,
And ſaid that ſixteene yeeres at leaſt were paſt
Since he did ſee or talke with *Garnet* laſt.

O what a wretched ſtate liue theſe men in?
Who haue indulgence for ſuch damn'd attempts,
Who hold it but a *triuiall veniall* ſinne
To *wreſt* and *ieſt* with oathes and *Sacraments*:
But deſperate *Iudas-like* did *Treſſam* dye,
Murthering himſelfe in priſon cruelly.

O who ſo *Stoicke*-like, ſo ſenceleſſe ſtocke?
Cannot be moued with deepe admiration
Of *Babels* ſtrong deluſions, which thus mocke
Nay which bewitch with helliſh incantation,
The ſilly vaſſals of that *Mitred whore*,
I'th *Reuelation* ſpoken of long before.

Whoſe Cup full fraught with *Circes* poyſonous ſpell,
They hauing drunke, haue *Metamorphoz'd* beene
Into the ſhapes of *Swine*, or *Hagges* of hell;
No ſparkes of humane Nature left within,
Their ſhameleſſe face with *ſteele* enameled,
Their flinty hearts with *Marble* hardened.

Put caſe our gracious *King* had greeued you:
Wherein had braue *Prince Henry* you offended?
What on ſweet *Charles* your churliſh hatred drew?
Why to *Eliza* was ſuch ſpight pretended?
What gain'ſt the *Nobles* did your malice moue?
Why to the *State* did you ſo vnkinde proue?

Nay tell me what degenerous vnknowne paſſion,
So much o're ſway'd your furious hatefull heart?
That eu'n your louing friends without exception:
With *Heretiques* being mingled muſt take part:
Both friends and foes muſt all of one cup drinke,
And into th' pit of fierce confuſion ſinke.

But

But to omit digreſſion and proceed,
Let's heere leaue *Fauks* faſt lock't in *Londons Tower*:
And briefly wee'l relate each ſcelerous deed
Which did and ſhould ſucceed that fatall houre,
In which diſcourſe, each godly wiſe ſhall ſee
By *truth* and *reaſon* all confirm'd to be.

There was a *Gentleman* religious, wiſe,
Vnto our foes the *Papiſts* knowne full well:
With whom *one* of theſe *Traitors* did deuiſe
A ſwift pac't horſe to buy, which then to ſell
He moou'd this *Gentleman*, and ſtraight way gaue
The horſe to *Fauks*, himſelfe by flight to ſaue.

That when the furious flame i'th ayre ſhould blaze,
Hee might take horſe, and ſwiftly haſt away:
Glutting his diuelliſh eyes, feareleſſe to gaze
On his deere countries downe-fall and decay:
But then the *Diuell* and *they* had thus decreed,
To pay him home with his deſerued meed.

He hop't for *Honour*, they would pay't with *Horrour*,
Hee gap't for *Gould*, they would it turne to *Gall*:
His *dignity* ſhould be his *death* and *dolour*,
And when he hop't to *riſe*, he downe ſhould *fall*:
Thus euen thus it turnes to their perdition
Which *hope* to raiſe their *happ* by proud Ambition.

For why theſe cunning *Craftſ-men* vſ'd this wretch
But as an inſtrument, the *fact* t' *effect*
To ſerue their turne, and this was then their fetch
To *cure* all *care* and danger of ſuſpect.
With gould they had procur'd moſt diuelliſhly,
A rout of *Raſcalls* in the woods to pry.

Who like ſo many *Currs* ſhould heere and there
Lye lurking to ſurprize in his returne
This rauening *Wolfe*: being then ſecure from feare
Saue that in's Conſcience which like fire did burne;
Of life and coyne, *theſe* ſhould with deſperate mood
Him *reaue* and *leaue* his corps for *Rauens* food.

Theſe *Demoniacke Furies* hop't heereby
Cloſely to lay the guilt and guerdion,
Of this atrocious fact foule treachery
Vpon the guiltles, as before was ſhowne:
And publikely would publiſh without ſhame,
Puritans authors of this woe and blame.

That wretched *Fauks* being by thoſe *ſlaues* thus ſlaine,
None could the truth or *Traitors* manifeſt:
But ſearch being made, the horſe brought back againe,
His owner might be ſpeedily expreſt:
And that good *Gentleman* of whom t'was bought,
Plotter of this foule Treaſon ſhould be thought.

Hence, hence I ſay had rufully beene rais'd
Clamours of men, clattering of ſword and ſpeare,
With thundring drums and guns mens hearts amaz'd;
Death-threatning warres, on all ſides then to reare.
Oh *Engliſh Proteſtants*, why ſtand you ſtill?
As 'twere afraid, to curbe their curſed will.

Haſt, haſt, take armes, let not vnpuniſh't goe
So monſtrous miſchiefe, let your ſlaughtering ſword
Repay into the boſome of your foe,
The meaſure which they would to vs afford:
O moſt inhumane manners, O ſtrange age!
Wherein like brute-beaſts, brutiſh men thus rage.

But why alas doe I in vaine complaine?
My tongue cleaues to my mouth, I wholly tremble,
My heart and ſoule depreſt with pining paine,
As though theſe monſtrous men did right reſemble
And perſonate, vnto my preſent view,
Foule *Hidra's* manifold and fearefull hew.

Methinks their blaſphemous wide gaping throat,
Their bloudy hands and heart treaſon to inuent,
Is like blacke *Pluto's Curs* loud triple note:
The foule *Harpeian*-birds doe repreſent,
Yea euen the hideous *Gorgons* rightly are
To their pernicious liues of leaſt compare.

And

And though three hundred mouthes and tongues full
I did enioy: with *Stentors* ſounding voyce, (cleere
My breſt then *oake* more ſtrong, this taske to beare,
And *Argos* or bright *Lynxes* eyes at choyce:
Romes diuelliſh couzenage to perceiue and tell,
As it deſerues, 'twould farre this power excell.

For theſe impieties doe plaine portend
This age to be thoſe ſterile latter dayes,
Wherein ſweet *vertue* languiſheth to'r end,
And *faith* as at deaths doore mongſt men decaies:
Enuy, *diſhoneſty*, too faſt doe flow,
And euen at heauen darts of defiance throw.

And as the *Ocean* doth all ſtreames containe,
So doth this age embrace each ancient Sin,
Whereby a deadlier deluge flowes amaine,
Then that of ancient time, that *Noe* liu'd in:
That did the body, *this* the ſoule deſtroy,
That liuing they ſtill die with worſe annoy.

Who then this ſinnefull, moſt fowle *Augeä's* ſtall,
Strong *Hercules* being dead can cleanſe or cleere?
Nay none (vnleſſe we could from death recall,
And cauſe the Ghoſt of *Virgil* to appeare.)
Could liuely purtract *Romes* degenerous brood,
Their malice, miſcheefe, pride and diuelliſh mood.

Now let vs heere, as if the fact were done,
Imagine *Fauks* well mounted on his beaſt:
His helliſh hope of ioy, euen now begunne,
His gaping for reward in's ſpeede expreſt:
Puft vp with pride of proſperous ſucceſſe,
Haſting to's Mates with moſt ſtrange nimbleneſſe.

But as with fiery *Phaeton* he flings,
With haire-brain'd fury, falſe-conceiued ioy,
Hoping for honour and to ſit with *Kings*,
Thoſe *Slaues* prepar'd his curſed life to ſtroy
Encountred him, and his ſwift paſſage ſtayd,
And with like bloody purpoſe to him ſayd.

Stay, ſtay, fierce *Boare*, why foam'ſt thou out of breath?
We know thee well, whither ſo faſt do'ſt flie?
Turne, turne, thy way thou'ſt loſt, weele ſoon by death
Send thee the right way to blacke *Tartarie*,
To *Pluto's* Court, who hath thee long expected,
Where thy reward ſhall be no whit neglected.

For ſince by his direction and decree,
Thou haſt effected a damn'd villanie:
Thy curſed *ſoule* to *hell* ſhall ſwiftly flee,
Of thy proceeding him to certifie;
And *Charon* hels fowle *Ferry-man* doth waite,
To row thy ſoule to blacke *Auernus* gate.

Yea hels *grim Porter* vgly *Cerberus*,
(For why, there neuer came nor neuer will,
A ſoule to *Pluto's* ſelfe more gracious)
With hideous noyſe will barke moſt lowd and ſhrill
For ioy of thine approach, and without ſtay
To *hels* blacke palace will thee leade the way.

Where as *Tartareus Dis* doth rule and raigne,
Who from his fiery throne will ſoone deſcend,
With helliſh ioy thy ſoule to entertaine,
And run to meet thee as his deereſt friend:
With damned conioyes to congratulate,
Thy wiſht approach and fact ſo fortunate.

Yea then thou ſhalt at his right hand be placed,
And there receiue thoſe damned dignities,
Wherewith great *Pluto's* friends are alwayes graced,
For matchleſſe miſcheeues and ſtrange villanies:
Then in our name ſollicite *hels* great *King*,
To grant vs his aſſiſtance in this thing.

Namely, that heele be pleaſ'd from hell to ſend
Th'infernall *Furies* and moſt hideous *Hags*:
Who heere in *England* may their powers bend
In our aſſiſtance, to erect the flags
And enſignes of deſtruction and blood-ſhed,
Which through this *Kingdome* ſhall be ſpilt & ſpred.

Now

Now then baſe *Traytour* know for certainty,
That we are of *Lyſanders* ſtamp and ſtraine,
To loue foule treaſons, but to hate and fly
The *Traytours*, which the fact haue vndertane:
Wherefore falſe *Sinon* take thy iuſt deſart,
And with theſe *words*, their *ſwords* do peirce his hart.

O *Nemeſis* of vengeance the iuſt *God*!
Which in thy hands do'ſt equall ballance beare:
Wherein to waigh mens faults, and with thy rod
Their ſoules to ſtrike and ſtroy, which will not feare,
Nor loue thy *treats* and *threats*, on ſuch, I ſay,
Thou ſoone or late thy heauy hand wilt lay.

O then you franticke *Atheiſts* tell mee why?
Why (as in priſon) thinke y'in beau'n to locke
Gods ternall and *eternall* Maieſty?
Behold your folly, thinke not *God* to mocke:
Learne to *diſcerne* his iuſtice, be aduiſ'd;
Let not your ſoules by *Sathan* be ſurpriſ'd,

What, ſee you not *Gods* wrath the ſinner wounding?
Like billowing waues, reſiſtleſſe vengeance great
The heat of pride and ſinner proud confounding,
Quite to quench out ſins fire and fiery heat:
Oh fooles, perceiue you not that *God* aboue
Guards and *regards* his Flocke, his Loue, his Doue,

Nay which is more, doe you not plainely ſee,
Gods iuſt reuenge, with like for like repayd?
An *homicide* his deaths man for to bee,
That had by murther *Pluto's* heſts obayd:
Moſt ſtrange it is, that you ſuch deedes commit,
And at theſe iuſt plagues are not moou'd a whit.

By this firſt *Scene* we eaſily may gheſſe
The greeuous progreſſe of this *Tragedy*.
Oh how much blood? what ſlaughters numberleſſe?
What ſcuffling ruffling noyſe tumultuouſly
Euery where raiſ'd? what wofull ſights and ſhowes
England had then beheld, no creature knowes?

The

The *Land* like *Lerna's* poole of miſcheefe full,
Then made a *tragique ſtage* for neighboring Nations,
On this ſide *France* from vs a peece would pull,
On th'other ſide proud *Spaines* hatefull inuaſions:
Heere would the *Germanes*, there the *Iriſh* wilde,
Not ſpare to proule and pill what might be ſpoyld.

Vnhappy *Albion* this moſt glorious Realme,
A *prize*, a *prey* to each inſulting foe,
Like paſture which the *Sea* doth ouerwhelme,
Or like *Leander* toſſed too and fro
In tumide *Helleſpont*, by *Boreas* blaſt,
Vntill his ſoule ith' waues had breath'd its laſt.

Now, let vs heere ſuppoſe our foes in field,
With *clattering* armes and *battering* engins ſtrong,
Amazed Citizens ready to yeeld,
Yet run to armes with ſtrange promiſcuous throng:
As though a ſecond conquering *Hannibal*,
The gates had entred, and had ſcal'd the wall.

Lowd ſounding noyſe of drums and trumpets high,
Filling the empty aire with *Cannon-thunder*,
The earth therewith to quake, and furiouſly
Baſe peſants ranſaking with woe and wonder
Each worthy, wealthy place, with greedy minde
Committing rapes and rapines moſt vnkinde.

The holy *Leuites Englands Prophets* good,
As they to prayer doe goe with ſighes and ſobs,
By *Demi-deuils* of *Rome* offring their blood,
Before *Gods* altar, drawne foorth by the ſtabs
Of barbarous Butchers, who without all pitty,
Would *Chriſts* true worſhip chaſe from ſhire & city.

A fearefull famine then would t' *Albion* chance
A greeuous change, a farre more wofull caſe,
By enormious *errour* and blinde *Ignorance*,
Mens ſoules to pine and periſh in each place:
O then alas thoſe *lamps* of light thus loſt,
Oceans of blood, *Gods Martyrs'* would haue coſt.

Then

Then ruthfull *Rachel* full of groanes and greefe,
Her children ſlaine, all comfort would refuſe:
Then *feare* would call to *faintneſſe* for releefe,
While *proud oppreſſours poore diſtreſt* abuſe,
Then bloudy *Nero* voyd of grace and feare,
His *mothers* wombe with ſword would rip and teare.

Then mercileſly ſhould the infant tender,
Be *lugg'd* and *tugg'd* from wofull mothers breſt:
And toſt vp into th'aire, on pikes ſo ſlender,
Before the face of *parents* moſt oppreſt:
Yea vnborne babes in *mothers* wombe lie ſlaine,
Whoſe *birth* euen in their *birth* ſlaues would reſtrain.

But whither would my pen me lead, if I
Should heere commemorate, each ſtately towne,
Each fertile field, deſtroy'd, made barren dry,
Each gallant architecture cleane pull'd downe:
Conſuming fires, and flaſhing flames by night,
The aire like lightning gliſtering with the light.

The famous riuer *Thamiſis* likewiſe,
The adiacent ſhoares to *Neptunes* watery region
Strucke with amazement of theſe miſeries,
Aſtoniſht at this ſtrange confuſion:
More mercy *Androde* in his *Lyon* meets, (ſtreets.
Than then would haue beene found in *Englands*

Oh if I ſhould proceede, heere to recite
All other bloody ſlaughters, hoſtile woes,
The dearth, the famine, and each fearefull ſight,
The miſerable plagues threatned by foes:
Who rouing, robbing, ſpoyling euery thing,
On ſicke and whole a world of woes 'twould bring.

Eaſier 'twere, for any man to count
The leaues in *Autumne*, from trees falling faſt:
The ſands of *Lybean* ſhores, which doe ſurmount,
Caſt vp by *Boreas lowd-clowd-chaſing* blaſt:
Or twinckling ſtarres which *nightly brightly* rowle
On ſabled circles of the whirling *Pole*.

Then by the *pen* or *penſill* to depaint
The wofull plight and querimonious ſtate,
The griping greefes, each ſigh, ſob and complaint,
The *teares* and *feares* of *Albion* ruinate:
Small ſighes may ſpeake, great greefe amaz'd vnable;
Our owne exceſſe had mad vs miſerable.

O bleſſed, ô moſt happy then are wee,
Ideally in minde this to record:
Not *Really* to feele, to finde, or ſee
Such ſorrowes, ô moſt louing, liuing *Lord*,
It was thy worke of wonder, oh our *God*,
To ſaue vs from our foes, thy ſcourging rod,

Euen thou oh *God* (whoſe bounty infinite,
And faithfull promiſe *thine* doth neuer faile)
Not humane *power* or *prudence* exquiſite,
Hath cau'd vs from this ſhip-wracke ſafe to ſaile,
And from theſe timide waues moſt turbulent,
Hath brought our ſhip to ſhoare with ſweet content.

Oh might not heere the *Common-wealth* with greefe,
I'th' perſon of thy *parents* thus exclaime
Againſt thee *Caresby* who waſt heerein cheefe,
To worke her downefall, ſorrow, ſmart and ſhame,
And in thy perſon vnto all the reſt,
Whoſe trayterous helpe was heereunto addreſt.

O childe vnnaturall, oh Sonne ingrate,
Who too too long haſt ſucked from my breſt
The milke of peace and plenty fortunate,
Of health, of wealth, of credit and ſweet reſt:
Fil'd with abundance of terreſtriall treaſure,
Nought to thee wanting, but a vertuous meaſure.

O how is it? that now when I expected
The comfortable fruits of all my coſt;
To be by thee with filiall loue reſpected,
When age grew on, oh how haue I now loſt
My hope, to ioy in thy proſperity,
My ſelfe to ſolace in thy company.

Why

Why hast thou crost my hope, thine owne good hap?
Why hast thou thus bereau'd me of my ioy?
Why hast thou sought my life thus to entrap?
Why hast thou thought t'haue wrought my dire annoy?
Most iustly therefore may I curse thy birth,
And that thou ere didst breath vpon the earth.

Who hauing but one *Brother* meeke and milde,
One righteous *Abel*, heau'ns true worshipper,
Thou wouldst thy hands with his blood haue defilde,
Like cursed *Caine* that cruell murtherer:
Inhumane *Fratricide*, what had he done?
That thou must slay thy brother, my sweet *Somme*.

Th'art none of mine, thou art some *changeling* sure,
So much thou do'st degenerate from kinde:
Or wandring from thy parents lore and lure,
Hast beene seduced by seducers blinde:
Th'hast trauell'd farre, and nought therby hast gain'd,
But *impious knowledge*, and a *conscience stain'd*.

Our young Trauellers for the most part doe carry out aurea-am ctumenam *but they bring home* conscientiam scelera-tam.

How else couldst thou with such a stony hart,
With such a senceleste conscience enterprize,
To worke thy harmlesse guiltlesse *brothers* smart,
To fill with teares thy tender *mothers* eyes:
To rob her of the comfort of her age,
With guiltlesse blood to quench thy causelesse rage.

Nay more, vile *Nero* thus to imitate,
In ripping vp thy *mothers* wombe, ô woe!
With sulphur thus to puffe and penetrate
The very intrals of the earth below:
Which is indeede the *Gran-daine* of vs all,
And our kinde *Nurce* th'illustrious *Capitoll*.

I dreamt indeede with *Hecuba* of *Troy*,
That I brought foorth a furious fire-brand,
Which would his Countrey wofully destroy,
And with represseleste flames consume the *Land*:
A second *Paris*, nay a *Parricide*,
A *Richard* at whole birth his teeth were spide.

For so it is recorded of Richard the 3.

And doubtleſſe had not heauens great *King* of might,
More prudent farre then *Phrygian Priamus*,
Extinguiſht this fierce brands encreaſing light:
It ſoone had flam'd and growen moſt dangerous,
And thou, ô *Catesby*, to thy *Parents* horrour,
Than that of *Paris*, hadſt wrought greater terrour.

For why, within the wals o'th' *Parliament*,
The mighty monſtrous *Horſe* thou hadſt brought in,
Not ſtuft with *Greekes*, but *Powder* violent,
With *Grecian* craft thy conqueſt thus to win:
And as a *Whore* was cauſe of all *Troyes* woe,
So *Babels Whore* had caus'd my ouerthrow.

Henceforth therefore, I thee renounce, refuſe,
Thou haſt a *Step-dame*, nay a *Strumpet mother*,
And ſince thou do'ſt her fornications vſe,
And in obliuion all my fauours ſmother,
Accurſt be thou rebellious *Abſolon*,
Accurſt be thou proud *Whore of Babylon*.

And happy doubtleſſe I the man will call,
Which *her* re-plagues, as *ſhe* to plague me thought,
Who beats her childrens braines againſt the wall,
My iuſt reuenge thus on her to be wrought,
And as *ſhee* cry'd, downe, downe with *Iſraels* Citty,
So let her fall without remorce or pitty.

Hate them, oh *England*, hate them I thee pray,
Which thus doe hate *Chriſt* and his worſhippers:
Yea curſe them with the curſe *Maran-atha*,
Thus 'bleſſed *Paul*, thus *Dauid* thy zeale ſtirres:
Hate I not them (ſaith he) which *God* moleſt,
Yea them with deadly hatred I deteſt.

O then ſhall fauour, friendſhip ſo preuaile?
Shall kindred, profit, feare, cauſe vs to ſhroud
Theſe? which but onely watch a time t'aſſaile,
Which gain'd, they'd ſoone lift vp their hornes moſt proud,
Impunity doth nought but cauſe them bide
Srill *thornes* to th'eyes, and *goads* vnto our ſide.

But

But now to passe to that which doth remaine
Of this succinct and most *authentick* story,
Further to view this traiterous hatefull traine,
The more to magnifie heau'ns praise and glory.
Heere then what *Satans Pseudopostles* did,
(Shall be declar'd) after all was vnhid.

These bould *Competitors*, these *traitors* base,
Perceiuing that by heau'ns most iust decree
Their treason was made knowne: Like Beares in chase
Their prey being lost, in hast with furie flee.
Their hearts began to *ake* and *quake* with feare,
Like dogs they grin, curse, ban, rage, sweat & sweare.

To horse they hast and swiftly post away,
(Like *Zephirus* blowne by angry *Eolus*;)
To *Dun-Church*: where their *complices* did stay,
For they their place of meeting pointed thus:
And in those fields did *Digby* falsly faine
His holy-*Hunt*, a fatte *Bucke* to be slaine.

The traiterous Catholiques Holy Hunt.

Twas such a *Hunt* as that of *Nimrod* proud,
Who liued in our ancient *Fathers* daies:
Their villany, thus cunningly to shroud,
By rumour of this *Hunt* which they did raise:
And as in word, so to auoid suspicion,
Of all things for this *Hunt* they made prouision.

Their toiles and nets they place with ioyfull cheere,
Their *hounds* whose barking noyse shold pierce the ayre
They ready made, to chase the fearefull *Deere*,
The sturdy *Stag*, the *tripping skipping Hare*,
Hauing made choyce of a large Champeon ground,
A fitter for their turne could not be found.

With bramble-bushes set conueniently,
And heere and there planted a lofty tree:
Most fit with swift Careers their horse to try,
And their fierce *dogs* chasing the *Bucke* to see:
Yea t'was a plaine so spacious that they might
An army place, in battell-ray to fight.

In this great *Heath* proud *Digby* and the traine
Of his attendants, first doth passe along:
Whom traiterous *Tresham* followed amaine,
And after him a mighty thrust and throng,
Inhabiting i'th villages about,
To know the cause of this vncustom'd rout.

Then forthwith all the *Gallants* and best choice
Of Gentlemen, and youths fit to endure,
To ride, to run, to hollow with loud voyce
He doth elect; and to his sports allure:
And euery village scituate thereby,
Doth *thither* flocke *together* speedily.

The *woods* about with snares and haies they fill,
Some with their swords cut boughes, some nets doe lay,
Others doe blow their hornes both loud and shrill,
Yea all prepare them to their sport and play,
And from their *hounds* the collers they vntie,
Who to their game do run most eagerlie.

At whose loud opening, and huge yelping noyse,
The *Deere* which fearefully lay hid i'th bushes,
Now suddenly to their content and ioyes,
Out of the thickets mongst them nimbly rushes:
And from them all doth swiftly run and scud,
Whom men and dogs pursue as they were wood.

But, in the midst of this their hasty pace,
By chance an honest *countriman* doth keepe
By th'side of one of this most traiterous race,
And as he leaped ore a ditch most deepe,
A clattering armour perfectly did heare,
Which vnder's cloaths that *traitor* then did weare.

And that which in him more suspicion bred,
The winde as then did somewhat blustr' and blow,
That vp and downe his coat oft houered,
Whereby the harnesse he might see and know,
This sight did him amaze, and secretly
He thus did whisper to one standing by.

Good

Good *neighbour* tell me what you thinke of this?
I know not, but this mighty company
In these our fields I iudge is much amisse:
Being vnusuall, and yet vnknowne why.
I heartily could wish their hunting were
Bent onely gainst these *Foxes, Hares,* and *Deere.*

No, no, I doubt they gape for greater things:
Themselues being fiercest *Wolues* though *sheepe*-like clad,
These subtill *Serpents* doubtlesse hide their stings,
This *hunt* is not alone for brute-*beasts* had:
But worser mischiefe in their bosome lies,
Not *beasts* to kill, but *mens* liues to surprise.

Lord keepe the *King,* and Princely *Progeny,*
And noble *Counsell* of this *kingdome* faire:
From being caught and trapt in treachery,
By these audacious *Hunters* subtill snare:
My mind presageth some great villany,
And yet I wish my iudgement false may be.

For, otherwise why should they armour weare
Vnder their Cloathes? a furniture vnfit
For such a sport; besides all of them are
Vassals to th' *Pope* of *Rome* who oft did spit
His enuious poyson, gainst *Queene Elizabeth*
Whose Fame as in her life liues after death.

They are I say, the props and pillars all
Of *Romes* religion, *Anti-Christs* hirelings,
Who sends his bellowing *Bulls,* whose roaring brall
Disposeth Realmes, *Deposeth* lawfull *Kings,*
Which he *composeth* of false couched treason,
Beyond the bounds of *Piety* and reason.

Wherewith he strouethat blessed *Queene* t'abuse,
To worke and win by this his damned *Art,*
Her *subiects* to relinquish and refuse
Their *duty* and *Allegeance* in their heart:
Hoping thereby of life, *Kingdome* and crowne,
Thus to bereaue that *Queene* of blest'd remowne.

First

First, *Holt a Iesuite* vilely did suggest
Cullen and *Williams* that rare *Queene* to kil:
Absolu'd them both, gaue them the *Eucharist*.
Which they in vaine attempted to fulfill:
Walpoole the *Iesuite* did false *Squine* incite,
This Queene to kill, by poysons fatall might.

Yea that base peasant *Iaques Frauncis*, he
Himselfe being but a *Laundresses* proud brat,
Said *Englands* state so firme would setled be,
If Mistresse *Elizabeth* were not aym'd at
With a fierce *Deaths-dart*, thus this slaue durst call
That all-admir'd *Princesse Angelicall*.

Then *Lopez*, rather *Lupus* hither came,
With poysonous heart, a poysoning part to play,
Campion that *Popish Champion* of such fame,
With *Romish* holinesse came her to slay.
Babbington and his consorts, *Romes* deere friends,
Parry and moe, assay'd like treacherous ends.

But though they did this oftentimes attempt,
Yet heauens protection did her still preserue:
And though they oft of mischiefe gainst her dreampt,
God was her shield, nor did she from him swerue:
He made her the more glorious mongst all *Kings*,
And of their diuellish hope still clipt the wings.

Doubtlesse this most viperious generation
Both euer was, and so continue still
Disloyall, thirsting after innouation
The cunning *Craftes-masters* of fraud and ill:
The *foes* to our felicity and peace,
But heer's more need of swords then words: I'le cease

I'le for my selfe prouide as best I may,
And hie with hast from this so dangerous crew,
And with these words his staffe on's necke did lay,
And without answer he himselfe withdrew.
By chance also as they thus hunting were,
A friend of traiterous *Winters*, this did feare.

And

And therefore he thus vnto *Winter* ſaid,
I pray thee tell me *Winter*, whats the reaſon?
Of this ſo great concourſe of people made
Amongſt vs, at this vnbefitting ſeaſon:
What winde hath blowne our *Catholikes* together?
I prethee tell me, wherefore come they hither?

To whom thus *Winter* in his eare replide,
To tell the truth to you, my louing friend:
This *hunt* of *beaſts* is but a ſconce to hide
A *holy hunt*, which forthwith we intend:
And to be breefe we hunt *Religion*: *Religionem venamur.*
Which into *holes*, as into woods was flowne.

Againe now to *regaine* our freedome loſt,
And to *Romes* fold the wandring *flocke* t'reduce,
To repoſſeſſe our liuings and great coſt,
Which we endur'd by wrong and foule abuſe
We hope to hunt theſe *Wolues heretical.*
From our too long enioy'd poſſeſſions all.

And in theſe few daies this will be effected,
Then be aduiſ'd, remember what I ſay:
And that thou maiſt not be with them reiected,
Hold on our ſide, it is the wiſeſt way.
But now the night drawes on, our ſport muſt end,
And with theſe words he parted from his friend.

The *huntſmen* then their hornes aloud did blow,
To make their retrograde backe to repayre:
Both *hounds* and *hunters* to their homes doe goe,
And by the way their paſſed ſport declare,
When being houſ'd, their *Hoſt* had ſet on boord,
Such viands as the time would beſt affoord.

Great fires were made, themſelues to warme and heate,
A Parlour faire to ſup in, ready dreſt,
Their Tables ſpred with linnen cleane and neat,
And gould and ſiluer goblets of the beſt:
Then *Digby* being chiefeſt of them all,
Puts off his armes, and for his gowne doth call.

Wherein he *walkes* and *ſtalkes* with Princely gate
Amidſt his curſed conſorts, traiterous traine,
Preſcribes them ſtatutes, anſwers, askes in ſtate:
His breſt no triuiall trifles doth retaine,
His *heart* and *head* negotiate Princely affaires
He vnto each his place of *honour* ſhares.

So *inſolent* and *confident* is hee
Of proſperous ſucceſſe, and wiſh't euent,
That he euen loadés his mates with dignitie,
And this being done, they all to ſupper went,
Where was no want of mirth and dainty cheere,
As in their quaft carouſes did appeare.

In drinking health's and wiſhing good ſucceſſe
To their companions, which neere *London* ſtaid:
Whoſe comming they expect with greedines,
Thinking each hower ten, till they were made
Partakers of their tidings, but meane while,
With mirth and muſicke they the time beguile.

But while they ſate as twere o'rewhelm'd in ioyes,
Glutting themſelues with dainties and delight,
In ſcornfull verſes, ſcoffs, flouts, ieſting toyes
On thoſe whom they terme *Pure* in ſcorne and ſpight,
On whom they breaking ieſts in great diſdaine,
Would hoot and hollow, laughing out amaine.

As thus I ſay they ieyuing, ieſting ſat,
Newes was brought in that *Percy* and *Cateſby*
Were at the doore, to whom in haſt they gat
Them for to meet, diſtracted diuerſly:
Whom *Digby* firſt with ſpeedy pace doth meet,
And 'bout the middle doth them kindly greet.

Often demanding what good newes they brought,
Who with *deiected* face, *abiected* plight,
As *briefe* as full of *greefe*, ſaid *All is naught*:
At which they all were ſuddenly affright.
(Srange alteration) like to *ghoſts* they ſtand:
As if not able to ſtirre foot or hand.

Such

Such *numbneſſe, dumbneſſe* ſeem'd in them to be,
A chilling cold poſſeſt their trembling bones,
Their bodies quake and quiuer, you might ſee
Within their *face diſgrace* and ſhamefull moanes:
Their countenance caſt downe, they ſtare and gaze,
Their fainting hearts halfe dead at that amaze.

And thus, ô thus, the *Lord* conuerts the ioy
Of vniuſt men, i'th twinckling of an eye,
Into lamenting griefe, and dire annoy,
Their pleaſure turnes to paine and penury:
A while they flouriſh like a pleaſant *Bay*:
But quickly they doe wither like drie hay.

Percy at length all feare doth from him caſt,
And *diſſolutely reſolute* began
His friends to comfort, who thus ſtood agaſt,
Vttering theſe words befitting ſuch a man:
Take courage friends, doe not all hope neglect,
The firſt attempts doe ſeldome take effect.

If thus t' had far'd with *Ceſar* in the field
Of *Theſſalie*, where he his battell fought
Pompey being *Victor*, would haue made him yeeld,
And *Ceſar* had beene ſlaine paſt feare or doubt:
And with his life his *Empire* he had loſt,
Each enterprize at firſt great paines doth coſt.

Yea commonly great dangers doe attend
The nobleſt acts: *life*'s but a chance at dice:
The *Gameſter* firſt doth loſe, yet ere he end
He wins as much at once, as loſt at thrice,
Though for the time a little loſſe he ſuffer,
Great heapes of coyne he doth at length recouer.

Beleeue me (noble *friends*) *vertue* beſt ſhines
In troubleſome and intricate affaires:
This *time* requires bould ſpirits, ſtrong medicines
Cure the diſeaſe, which *cowardiſe* impaires:
Fortune's a friend to the couragious *wight*:
But daſtard *feare* declares the *peſant* right.

What, are we not all of vs *Catholikes?*
Is not our warre religious, iuſt, and right?
Doth not our *High-Prieſt* curſe theſe *Heretiques*
And pray for vs? Valiantly then let's fight.
This *Pluto's* orator ſcarce made an end,
When they to armes themſelues did fiercely bend.

Then forthwith *Cateſby*, and his traiterous mates
Conſult among themſelues, what firſt to doe:
Who with a Letter ſendeth his man *Bates*
To *Garnet*, this their ill ſucceſſe to ſhew:
Who was at *Coughton*-towne in *Warwickeſhire*,
And all *Recuſants Rendeuous* was heere.

And by this Letter, *Cateſby* him deſired
With all conuenient expedition,
(For ſo their ominous eſtate required)
To ſtirre vp *Wales* vnto *Rebellion*,
And elſe whereas he could, all *Papiſts* ſtout
To ſtimulate and moue, to fight it out.

Now *Garnet*, being with *Greenewell* there that time
And ſurely certified, that all was knowne:
Conſidering they were deepely in the Crime
That his vile *Sect*, would (ſure) be ouerthrowne,
Did ſeeme to *Prophetize*. Which *Lord* we pray
With ſpeed to grant, haſten that happy day.

But, hot-ſpur'd *Greenewell* being more reſolute,
And fiery-ſpirited away doth poſt:
To raiſe to armes *Recuſants* diſſolute,
Hither and thither roames about the coaſt.
Then at the houſe of *Abbington* he meetes
With *Hall* the *Ieſuite*, whom he kindly greetes.

And after ſalutations, him doth pray
To worke as many as hee could to riſe:
But *Hall* as in a dump a while did ſtay,
Doubting both what to ſay or enterpriſe,
As fearing, of ſuch raſh attempts the end,
And that thereby they'd ſoone him apprehend.

To

To whom, ſo doubting, *Greenwell* thus began:
Why how now *man*, what art thou now affright?
Betwixt a *flegmaticke* faint-hearted man,
(Such as thou art) I ſee the difference right,
And mee, who am more *chollericke* and hot,
Why man? it mooues not, feares not mee a iot.

And wilt thou now a *milke-ſop-daſtard* proue?
And hide thy head now when we want moſt ayde?
Fie, fie, for ſhame take heart, and with me moue
As many as thy canſt, our foes t'inuade;
With *martiall* might theſe *Heretiques* to ſlay,
Nor muſt we now to pauſe, the time delay.

And thus away he flies like *Northerne* winde,
And as he paſt through euery *Towne* and *Citty*,
This *lie* hee made and publiſht moſt vnkinde:
That *Catholiques* that night without all pitty,
By *Proteſtants* ſhould all haue murthered bin,
Hoping heereby *rebellion* to begin.

Wiſhing them all take heede and ſoone prouide
To ſaue themſelues and make reſiſtance ſtrong:
If they deſir'd in freedome to abide,
To *ſaue* from *graue* their wiues and children young,
And if they would their liues and goods poſſeſſe,
And cleere themſelues of imminent diſtreſſe.

Yea, if they hop't the ancient *faith* of *Rome*
To re-eſtabliſh, too too long depreſt:
Or would enioy the ſentence, lawes and doome
Of *Peters* Chaire, moſt ancient *bleſt* and *beſt*:
That then they ſhould take armes againſt their foe,
And with him ioyne, no time they muſt fore-ſlow.

Then *Hall* the *Ieſuite* meeting after this
With *Littleton*, who vrg'd him very much,
That ſince this *action* fell out thus amiſſe,
It could not chuſe, but neere their conſcience touch,
And that the *Lord* was doubtleſſe much offended
With ſuch a courſe, as ſo much blood intended.

But *Hall* as *white-liuer'd* as erſt he ſeem'd,
As ſimple *Doues* as *Ieſuites*, would appeare,
As harmeleſſe holy *Lambs* as th'are eſteem'd,
Now doffs the maske which he before did weare,
The *violent* and *virulent* hearts gall
He now declares euen of the *Ieſuites* all.

For why, in ſteede of humble acknowledgement,
And of contrite confeſſion of his fault,
Whereof he ſeem'd before him to repent,
When *Greenwell* him to ſtirre vp rebels wrought,
He diuelliſhly began to iuſtifie
Their moſt *atrocious vicious* villanie.

And thus he anſwer'd *Littletons* great doubt:
Iudge not (quoth he) the *cauſe* by th'ill *euent*,
For why the eleuen *Tribes*, which two bartels fought
'Gainſt *Beniamin* at *Gods* commandement,
In both the conflicts thoſe *Tribes* had the worſt,
Shall we therefore affirme their cauſe accurſt?

So when as *Lewis King* of *France* did fight
Againſt the *Turkes*, himſelfe o'th' plague did die,
And all his hoaſt by *Turkes* were put to flight.
The *Chriſtians* eke defending valiantly
Their Towne of *Rhodes* 'gainſt *Pagans*, loſt the ſame,
Muſt we the *cauſe* then by th'*euent* heere blame?

No, good Sir, no, be ſure our *cauſe* was good,
How ere the euent hath proou'd and fallen out croſſe,
Then for *Religion*, thus to ſpend our blood
What greater cauſe to hazard greateſt loſſe?
Thus, thus, this bloody *Iebuite* did perſwade
This *Papiſt*, who was therewith well appaide.

Doubtleſſe great *Lucifer* could neuer finde.
'Mongſt all his helliſh *Hags*, more flinty harts,
Nor apter inſtruments to pleaſe his minde,
To act his moſt infernall tragique parts:
Than theſe inhumane *Ieſuites Satans* Sect,
Theſe moſt pernicious props which *Rome* protect.

To

To *Robert Winters* houſe thoſe *Rebels* came,
Where that rancke *Ieſuite* Father *Hammond*, hee
To ſhew his *zeale* to this fowle worke of ſhame,
Gaue to theſe *Traytours abſolution* free:
Euen then when they were in *rebellion* hot,
After the bleſt diſcouery of the plot.

This holy *Father* of that *Hell-ſpawn'd Sect*,
Bad theſe rebellious *Traytours* courage take,
For why, their *High-Prieſt* highly did reſpect
Their zeale, and would them *Saints* and *Martyrs* make.
Theſe pious words *Ignatians Imp* did vtter,
Shewing the *Popes* great *pardon* ſeal'd with *Butter*.

When the Steed is ſtolne, ſhut the ſtable doore.

Hell being now broke looſe, though but a while, (fell,
Sends forth more *Hell-hounds*, *Blood-hounds* fierce and
Grant, whoſe fowle hopes heauen alſo did beguile,
Whom none did yet of this diſcouery tell:
For why, he kept his houſe and ſtirr'd not out,
Till he ſuppoſ'd all now paſt feare and doubt.

For he reſolu'd not to ſtirre foorth of's houſe,
Vntill the next day that th'attempt were ended,
Then like a *Tyger* fierce himſelfe doth rouſe
And all his power to miſcheefe now he bended:
But he which makes his reck'ning and his price
Without his *Hoſt*, muſt make his reckning twice.

And as thoſe forty *Iewes* which vow'd and ſwore,
That in their ambuſh they S. *Paul* would kill:
So *Grant* what he had ſworne to long before,
Now hopes t'effect his moſt accurſed will:
And with his rabble of *Recuſants* ſtout,
Perfidious *Papiſts*, now he iſſueth out.

He then by night to *Warwicke Caſtle* went,
Where diuers *Nobles* dwelling thereabout,
In time of *peace*, *wars* danger to preuent,
Fed and *bred* vp great horſes ſtrong and ſtout:
Which he did ſteale, and to their *Camp* conuay,
Their *owners* to confront, repulſe and ſlay.

This

This moſt audacious fact, bred ſuch ſuſpicion
In Sr. *Fulke Greuill* th'elder, who was then
Of *Warwick-Shire Lieutenant*. This th'ambition
And robbery of theſe bolde rebellious men,
Cauſ'd him (I ſay) moſt like a worthy *Knight*,
To gather vp munition for a fight.

And with all ſpeede he fortifi'd thoſe parts,
And all the cheefeſt *Gentle-men* there dwelling
Hee heereunto exhorts, and wins their harts,
Fearing (as 'twas indeed) ſome ſtrange rebelling:
And wiſe directions he ſent vp and downe
Into each village, place and neighbouring towne.

So that as theſe vile *Traytours* roam'd about,
A *Smith* gaue *Winter* ſuch a ſudden blow,
As had he not been reſcued by their rout,
He had beene caught ere they did further goe:
But at that time the *Towneſ-men* ſixteene tooke,
The reſt in haſte their captiu'd *Mates* forſooke.

Now as they fled, I meane *Grant* and his *Mates*,
At length with *Catesby*, *Percy* and the reſt
He meets, and him with them aſſociates,
To whom then *Catesby* their eſtate expreſt:
Told *Grant* their enterprize was now deſcride,
And that they now th'euent thereof muſt bide.

Thus rs they altogether troop't in haſte,
Sr. *Richard Verney Sherine* of *Warwicke-ſhire*,
Forth of his confines theſe vile *Rebels* chac't,
And ſo they paſſed into *Worſter-ſhire*,
Still hoping their rebellious troope t'augment,
But our good *God* their hopes did ſtill preuent.

Meane while that they theſe tumults thus did raiſe,
The Honourable *Harrington* thereby,
Who to his glory and nere ending praiſe
Did educate, with loue and loyalty,
The *Kings* eldeſt Daughter *Lady Elizabeth*,
Whoſe feare and fright him greatly pittieth.

Hee

Hee then, I ſay, with this his *Princely Iewell*,
Whom he more *deerely neerely* tendered
Then his owne life: hearing of this moſt cruell
And trayterous vproare, he ſoone aſſembled,
And to him call'd his louing faithfull friends:
Whom all his *gates* to locke he ſtraight-way ſends.

And with a double watch he ſtrongly pent
His houſe, being fortified 'gainſt ingruent feare,
Their trayterous intentions to preuent,
But yet his heart doubted her ſafety there:
For, in his priuate houſe he thought not good
Her long to keepe, and thus in doubt he ſtood.

But taking counſell he moſt prudently
Doth thus reſolue, her foorthwith to conuay
Vnto the ſtately *Citty* of *Couentry*:
Which from his houſe was diſtant no great way,
Whoſe duteous *Citizens* good gouernment,
Hath made this *Citty* famous, eminent.

Being alſo fenced with a ſtrong built wall:
And thither comes this *Peere* and *Princeſſe* faire,
The *Citizens* with ioy aſſembled all,
With one conſent they doe themſelues prepare
This *Princely Lady* there to entertaine,
In gliſtering armes her ſafety to maintaine.

The *Citty Maior* and all his *Brethren* graue,
In ſcarlet gownes, and maſſie chaines of golde,
With kindeſt ſalutations cry, *God ſaue*
Our gracious Princeſſe, whom when they beholde,
With feare oppreſſed in her tender minde,
All griefe they baniſh with theſe words moſt kinde.

Be comforted, ſweet *Princeſſe*, we you pray,
For we with all our *Citizens* are preſt,
In your defence the foe to foile and ſlay,
Our ſtrength, our fortunes, nay, which is the beſt,
Our loyall hearts, liues, blood and valiant armes,
Ready to giue your foes moſt fierce alarmes.

Our golde, our goods, our loue and labours all
We will not ſpare (*ſweet Princeſſe*) you to pleaſure:
Yea whatſoere is *ours*, you *yours* may call,
Euen to the vtmoſt of our cheefeſt treaſure:
These words the tender *Ladies* heart reioyce, (voice.
Whom they through th' *Citty* lead with cheerefull

Conducting her vnto a houſe prepar'd,
Moſt ſumptuouſly ſet out, and richly dight:
Befitting her eſtate and great regard,
Where a ſtrong *guard* was kept both day and night:
And watch and ward the Citty round about,
And carefull ſearch whoſoere went in or out.

Now all this while this band of *Ban-dogs* rage
And roue about, like wilde *Boares* in the chace
Sweating, *entreating* ayde and equipage,
For theſe affaires, but nothing could take place:
'Twas all in vaine, for none how bad ſoeuer (ſeuer.
Would with them ioyne, but from them, themſelues

Nay ſcarſe a man of all their owne profeſſion,
So vile a Catholique could they then finde,
In whom their plaints would make the leaſt impreſſion,
Or to their factious *fact* a whit enclinde:
Such was the hatred of this helliſh deede;
Such loue of quietneſſe ſweet *Peace* did breede.

And when they had got all they could entreat,
Some *foure-ſcore* perſons was the moſt they had:
And yet doe what they could, pray, ſweare or threat:
Euen their owne *ſeruants* ſhrunke away full glad,
Both fearefull of ſucceſſe and conſcience pricke,
Knowing 'gainſt *thornes* it was in vaine to kicke.

But theſe religious *Romiſts* fondly thought,
And idly dreamt they were of nature right
Like little *Snow-bals*, which i'th' *Snow* being wrought
And rowled to and fro, grow of great height,
And hugely are encreaſt: Theſe *Traytours* ſo,
Thought *Rebels* would like *Riuers* to them flow.

They

They surely thought that what they had begun
In this one part of *England*, would incite
All *Catholiques* to sympathize and run
To armes, with them to ioyne their power and might:
Which also though their lying *Iesuites* sought,
Yet heauen their hellish hopes did bring to nought.

Wherefore like vagrants straggling to and fro,
Through all those parts, hopelesse and cleane bereft
Of comfort, ayde, or counsell; as they go
Poore people gazing on them, neuer left
To prosecute with bitter execration
The diuellish actors of this innouation.

These miserable *Miscreants* then did enter
Into a mighty *Wood*, and thence they came
To *Holbeach*: where they boldly did aduenture
Into the house of *Littleton* by name:
Being most spacious, able to containe
These desperate diuels and their damned traine.

Heere then they pitcht their most nefarious camp,
Whose great despaire and worse disparagement
Strucke to their hearts such madnesse, wrath and damp,
As made them rage like Furies violent,
Like angry *Beares*, who when their whelps are slaine,
Runne vp and downe, ramp, rage and roare amaine.

The gates and doores some locke vp and fast barre,
Others their peeces charge with powd'r and shot,
Some whet their swords and fit them for the warre,
Others their armour scowre from rust or spot,
Their vaine and haire-braind labour was but lost,
And must them all their deerest heart-blood cost?

For now Sr. *Richard Walsh* the *High-Sherive* came,
And did the house begirt with souldiers stout,
And sent to th' *Rebels one*, who should proclaime
His proferred mercy, if they stood not out:
By him he them intreats not to resist,
But peaceably from further harme desist.

Aduiſing them their weapons to forſake,
To yeeld vnto the mercy of their *Prince*;
But if they'ld not his gentle warning take,
He quickely would their ſtubborne hearts conuince:
That few by armes but of ſuch clemence fail'd,
But many by ſubmiſſion haue preuail'd.

That potent *Conqueronrs* thoſe to mercy take,
Which voluntarily to mercy yeild:
Therefore he promiſ'd, he would for their ſake
In their behalfe, entreat the *King* moſt milde,
Their youthfull folly mildly to forgiue,
To grant their *liues* a better life to *liue*,

The *Sum'ner* in his *Maſters* name thus ſaide:
But they, like *mad-men*, cruelly entreat
The meſſenger; and him this anſwer made,
Goe, tell thy *Maſter* we doe ſcorne his threat:
If he by dint of ſword will force vs yeild,
He muſt bring greater forces to the field,

Wiſh him breake off from this his womans fight,
And vainely with vs to contend in words,
That ſilly ſyllables are too too ſlight,
To daunt our manlike hearts. Wee'le truſt our ſwords:
But when this valiant *Gentle-man* did ſee
Himſelfe and's counſell ſcorn'd, to armes did flee.

While things thus paſt, a moſt ſtrange accident
Happened within, which did theſe *Traytours* fright,
A ſore fore-runner of due puniſhment
From heauen was ſent, their treachery to requite:
Namely, that by a fire of wood did lie
A bagge of *powder*, which they then did drie.

Not farre from which, cloſe by the fire ſide,
A tray of *gun-powder* vncouered ſtood:
Into which tray a crackling ſparke did glide,
Which flew from forth the fire, being made of wood,
And fired it, ſo that moſt furiouſly
It with fierce flames and ſmoke flew vp on high.

And

And with resistlesse rage like *Ætna's* flame,
The roofe o'th' house it *reft* and *cleft* in sunder:
And on the face of *Catesby* fiercely came,
To all his traiterous *mates* a maze and wonder:
Grants face it also scortch't, *Rookwood* also,
Did not in this great iudgement vntoucht goe.

But, like vnto the foule *stigmaticke slaues*
Of *Dionysius*, brended in their face
They marked were, their bodies seem'd the graues
Of heart and sences, in such wofull case
They stood astonish't, pale fac't, faint, affright,
Their *haire* did *stare* with horror bolt vpright.

Now, *Robert Winter* dreamt that he did see
(The day before this fearefull accident)
Steeples to stand awry, and as't might be,
Strange faces in those *Churches*: this euent
Caused him this his dreame to mind to call,
And thereof thus made him resolue withall.

That those strange faces whereof he then dreamt
And saw ith' Churches, were right like those same,
And did vnto him liuely represent
The *Visns* of these whom thus the powder flame
Had burn'd and scorcht, this him amazed much,
And did this *traiters* heart most deepely touch.

And then with guilty conscience they remember
Their *Epidemick* purpos'd treachery:
Confessing Christ to be a iust reuenger
Of such grosse wickednesse, great villany:
Their countries causelesse ruine they did minde,
The fiers they should haue kindled most vnkinde.

Yea then they seeme to see the great bloud-shed,
Which from their harmles brethrens corps should run,
Wherewith the ground should grieuously be spred,
And on their bended knees they now begun (sing
To wring their hands, with teares their fault confes-
Beating their breasts, their *grones* & *griefes* expressing.

And now too late they doe lament their folly,
Acknowledging this iudgement to be iuſt:
And heau'ns iuſt wrath gainſt them to be moſt holy,
Curſing the time they did ſuch Counſell truſt;
Read, O ye *Atheiſts*, read, and marke this well,
Which are perſwaded there's no *heauen* nor *hell*.

Yea read, ô you, blind *Iebuſites* of *Rome*, (deeds,
Which thinke heau'n markes not, nor regards mens
And which to plucke *God* out of heau'n preſume,
Eſteeming leſſe *Hells* flames, then crackling reeds.
Saying with *Dauids* foole, *God* ſees vs not:
Th' *Almighty* ſlumbers, and hath vs forgot.

Oh, if within you any ſhame remaine,
Or if you haue not browes more hard then braſſe,
If that your hearts leſt tenderneſſe retaine;
Or if one ſparke of grace may from you paſſe:
Then thinke, nay doubt not, but the *Lord* doth fight
For his afflicted flocke their wrong to right.

If Piety be not extinct, exil'd,
Or if y' haue not leſſe reaſon then bruit beaſts,
Then read *Gods* iudgements and his mercy mild,
And learne to reuerence and obſerue his heſts,
Know that the *Lords* inuincible ſtrong arme,
The righteous and religious ſaues from harme.

By whom (oh impious *Synagogue*) you are,
By whoſe great power, you liue, moue, haue your being
Without whom you are naked, wretched, bare,
And without whom, your eyes are blind, though ſeeing:
Yea wanting him, you want true power to ſpeake,
And ſacrilegiouſly his lawes you breake.

Yea hee alone protects, props, propogates
Vs, and our actions, and intentions all:
Euen *God* it is who guides our *ſtates* and *fates*,
Who ſees and ſmiles at men phantaſticall:
Hee'l ſoone lay hold on, catch at vnawares,
The proud malicious, in their nets and ſnares.

The

The *Craftſ-maſter* in his owne *craft* is caught,
As doth this former *preſident preſent*
In that theſe *Powder-plotters*, which had wrought
By powder ſo great danger: firſt were brent
In their owne fire, for *innocents* prepar'd,
Gods iuſtice mongſt them their own miſchiefe ſhar'd.

And this like *perill* to *Perillus* fell,
That cunning *Carner*, expert *engin-maker*:
Whoſe workemanſhip pleaſ'd *Phallaris* ſo well,
That of his miſchiefe he was firſt partaker:
Oh let this therefore moue all traitors hearts,
That heau'n will ſurely pay them their deſarts.

But to proceed, the hooded *Hypocrite*
A while may couzen, cogge, intreat, intrude,
But long it ſhall not laſt. *God* will offſmite
Their impious vizard, wherewith they delude
The eyes of mortall man, and this abuſe
The *Lord* will to their ſorrow ſoone reduce.

For, preſently their temporizing teares
Were dryed vp, their ſorrow ſoone forſaken,
No Piety or ſhame in them appeares,
And their *new vertues, old vices* miſtaken:
A ſudden madneſſe did all grace puſh out,
Op'ning their gates, they all being arm'd ruſh out.

And like madde dogs or *Gaderens* diuelliſh hogs,
They headlong run amongſt their enemy,
Deſpairing with their conſcience heauy clogs;
Smiting on all ſides, heere, there, furiouſly:
Vowing and ſwearing, ſince *ſuch* was their fate,
To ſell their hatefull bloud at a deere rate.

The valiant fore-ſaid high *Sh'riff* ceaſt to treat,
Seeing, as is declar'd t'was all in vaine:
And with a *martiall* ſpirit in furious heat
Them to entreated duty doth conſtraine:
Strongly they fight on both ſides, theſe for fame,
The other fight with deſperate feare and ſhame.

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Then

Then *Thomas Winter* vaunting in the Court,
Being ſhot i'th ſhoulder loſt the vſe of's arme,
And traiterous *Rookwood* one of this conſort,
Was alſo ſhot, and had no little harme,
After that both the *Wrights* with ſhot were ſlaine,
Which much diſcourag'd their perfidious traine.

With curſed *Cateſby*, *Piercy* peſtilent
Doth ioyne himſelfe, and ſo fight backe to backe:
Vnto whoſe ſides the traitor *Winter* went
And thus this knot of *Knaues* doe hold them tacke,
Placing themſelues in manner like a wedge,
They boldly fight it out with ſwords ſharpe edge.

The traitors ſmite their foes with furious blowes
Theſe doe themſelues defend, their foes offend,
And as the fight of *Bulls*, as ſtory ſhowes,
Being by ſturdy dogs on all ſides pend
And ſorely ſet vpon, they taile to taile
With their ſtrong hornes the furious dogs aſſaile.

But, as *Alcides*, though moſt ſtout and ſtrong,
Or *Theſeus* braue, for all his courage bould,
'Gainſt many foes could not continue long:
No more could theſe their enemies long hould,
For at them preſently a *gun* was ſhot
Whoſe bullet both theſe traitors deadly ſmot.

Through *Piercies* and vile *Cateſbyes* body ſtraight
This bullet pierc't, when with a deepe fetcht groane,
Their feeble knees too weake to beare the waight
Of their declining bodies, both fell prone
Vpon the earth, ſtrugling with pangs of death,
And quicky gaſp't their laſt moſt hatefull breath.

And like two mighty *Oakes*, whoſe branches high
May ſeeme to touch the top of heauen faire;
But by a rapid whirlewind ſuddenly
Are blowne, and ouerturn'd, whoſe branches are
Laid low vpon the earth, the bowes being meate
For cattell in the field to brouſe and eate.

Thus

Thus to these cursed *Champions* of the *Pope*
It did directly happen, iustly fall:
Who had already swallowed vp in hope
Englands faire Realme and seate *Emperiall*:
Yea, in their most infernall fond conceir,
Th'had climb'd the top of high promotions seat.

But see with shame their high *Pyramides*
Of hatefull pride, shattered in peeces small:
Their odious flesh (for so it heauen did please)
Left for to feed foules, beasts and wormes withall,
But *Rookwood*, *Winter*, *Grant*, aliue were taken,
And all the rest of succour soone forsaken.

Heere *Robert Winter* hauing boldly fought,
His *Cateline* and hot *Cethegus* slaine:
Not able longer now to hold them out,
By his fierce foes aliue was quickly ta'ne:
And with a pike i'th belly he receiu'd,
A dangerous wound, but not of life bereau'd.

The rest I say, being taken and disarm'd,
Were thus subiected vnto *Iustice* stroake:
By pricke of *Conscience*, then by *death* more harm'd:
Their fainting hearts confounded, wounded broke:
And as the custome is with hempen bands
They were fast bound behind, their backs their hands

Most deadly sicke was *Catesby* and his traine,
Of *Achabs* foule disease, his stomacke cloy'd
With *Nabothe* vineyard, none could ease his paine:
Till bloudy *Iesabell* her skill imploy'd
To giue him Physicke, with poore *Naboths* bloud,
But our vile *Achabs* case farre worser stood.

For why? although their greedy appetite
Old *Achabs* did exceed, and that proud *Whore*,
This vpstart *Iesabell* of *Romes* great spight,
More mischeefe did deuise then *she* of yore:
Yet since they could nor kill nor yet possesse,
They were in farre more desperate wretchednesse.

And now by happy conſequence to vs
It falleth out, that *Percyes* trecherous pate
Should ſtand as *Sentinell* pernicious,
Where he was *Captaine Pioner* of late:
And *Lambeth* to be *Cateſbies Horizon*,
Which was his *Arſenall* till his hopes were gon.

And on the houſe of *Parliament* full high,
Their *Crow-pickt* ſculs, plac't like a ſhips high maſt,
(To vſe the *Prophets* words) that paſſers by
May vnderſtand, what end befell at laſt
Vnto thoſe rouing, robbing *Pirates* vile,
Who hop't to riſe by treaſon, theft, and guile.

Who by *ambitious* and *pernicious* wayes,
The *Golden Fleece* thus hoped to obtaine:
Not by ſtout *Iaſons* merit and iuſt praiſe,
But by *Medeas* ſorceries: in vaine
They gap't toget their *golden-fleece* their prize,
This did they fondly in their hearts ſurmize.

Waſpes heere we ſee make combes as well as *Bees*,
But, for ſweet honey there we *Powder* finde:
Their hearts containe nought but the dregs and Lees
Of a moſt corrupt canckered treacherous mind:
See heere thou Pole-ſhorne *Papiſt* what's the end,
See what reward your treaſons doe attend.

See, you *Achitophels*, you *Ieſuites* all,
Malum conſiliũ conſultori peſſimum. Th' end of your Counſell to your *Abſolon*,
Bad *counſell* ſtill, to th' *Authors* worſt doth fall,
A wofull end raſh geſts attend vpon.
And theſe who like great *Conſuls* would haue raign'd,
As baſe *Conſpirators* are now arraign'd.

And like as fond *Empedocles* did caſt
Himſelfe, euen headlong into *Ætna's* flame;
Hoping, that if he could vnſpide haue paſt,
T' haue been eſteem'd a *God* with endleſſe Fame:
But when the flames, his ſlippers did retort,
His haire-brain'd folly each one did report.

So

So theſe, which hop't, which fondly hop't to be
No leſſe then *Saints*, by this their *Ætnaes* plot:
God, who in mercy did their miſchiefe ſee,
And what ſtrange folly did their minds beſot:
The ſlippers of diſcouery did cauſe
To *fooliſie*, their *deifi'd* applauſe.

And by this bleſt *Cataſtrophe*, to call
And iuſtly terme them, moſt notorious *Traiters*:
In ſtead of that vſurped name, they all
Hop't for, to wit, *Romes* meritorious *Martyrs*,
And curſ'd be they which call ſuch euill good,
Accurſ'd *Romes* doctrine grounded thus on bloud.

Now then to *London* faſt on horſebacke tyed
They were conuai'd, and people flocke to meet
Theſe monſters of man-kind, whom being ſpied,
With execrable curſes they doe greet:
Threatning, abiuring, hating in their heart
Theſe which thus hop't to act ſo foule a part.

Whoſe mention, vnto after-times may be
Suppoſ'd a thing deuiſ'd, not enterpriz'd:
So much the *credence* and the *veritie*
Are different, by mans iudgement to be poyſ'd:
Thus as they paſt, I ſay, with much adoe
Men were reſtrain'd their preſent wrath to ſhew.

Some if they had their wils, aliue would teare
Their curſed corps, others in minde inuent,
And wiſh ſtrange death their damned ſoules to beare
From earth to *Lucifer*, who for them ſent:
And thus to *London* being brought at laſt,
In pris'n with fetters they were locked faſt.

Some few daies after was th'appointed day
For their arraignment, and as vſe requir'd,
The Nobles and the *Iudges* in array
Vnto their iudgement came. where with admir'd
And learned eloquence deliberately
The Kings *Attorney* then did ſignifie.

And recapitulate, from firſt to laſt
The foulneſſe of this execrable deed:
With euery moſt materiall fact which paſt,
And then to iudgement forthwith they proceed:
The conſcience-pricked *priſoners* did confeſſe,
That what they did twas for *Romes* holineſſe.

And that they had for their moſt firme direction,
The precepts of *Romes Faith*, and holy rite,
The *zeale* whereof was a moſt ſtrong ſuggeſtion
To execute her will, with all their might,
Which precepts are, by force, fraud, or deceit,
By poyſons, treaſons, murther, curſe or threat,

By iuſt, or vniuſt meanes, howſ'ere to kill
The *Hugonets*, *Caluiniſts*, *Lutherans*,
Which doe oppoſe themſelues to her great *Will*,
If *Rome* but ſend gainſt them her *Bulls* and *bans*,
And all's moſt true (they teach) the *Pope* doth ſay,
Or charge her children, for, * *ſhee* cannot ſtray.

* *Alluding to Pope Ioane.*

Hence we may note that *Romes* rebellious brood
All other malefactors farre tranſcend,
For though it cannot be gainſaid, with-ſtood,
But ſome in all profeſſions doe offend
Eyther by murther, treaſon, whoredome, theft,
For which they iuſtly are of life bereft:

Yet when they are to die, they nere accuſe
The doctrine or religion they profeſſe
To be the cauſe, that they did ſo abuſe
Themſelues, their ſoules, with hart-ſtain'd guiltineſſe:
But that their naturall bad inclination,
And want of grace, wrought that their deſolation.

A very remarkable obſeruation in the Romiſh Martyrs as they are falſly tearmed.

But, theſe beſotted *Eate-Gods* voyd of ſhame,
Theſe foule birds, thus their owne neſts to beray,
Doe not their *Natures*, but *Religion* blame,
And if in ought, *Heerein* the truth they ſay:
But oh, oh miſery beyond compare,
That with ſuch woe they thus contented are.

Oh

Oh if the vnderſtanding be be blinde,
If once the *Lord* vnto our ſelues vs leaue,
How hard it is *Truths* perfect paths to finde:
How hard the *Truth* from *errour* to perceiue:
O woe to thoſe which ſhut vp heau'ns gates,
Both from themſelues and their ſeduced mates.

O ſtrong deluſions, as S^t^. *Paul* doth call them,
Oh poiſonous cup of *Romiſh* fornication:
How can it chuſe but danger muſt befall them,
That are bewitcht with ſuch ſtrange incantation:
Oh if the *blinde* doe leade the *blinde* both ſtumble,
Nay both doe headlong into miſcheefe tumble.

The *Iudges* graue pronounc't their iudgement iuſt,
And them and their religion damn'd to hell,
Which doth ptoduce ſuch fruits, and in them truſt,
And then that *Scripture* they remember well
My deere Diſciples, goe, and teach each Nation,
Baptizing all men to regeneration,

Cleane contrary, this baſe childe of perdition
The *Pope* of *Rome* his blinde diſciples teacheth
Saying, O my *Sons* receiue mine admonition
Which heere your *Holy Father* to you preacheth:
Goe extirpate, kill and confound each *Nation*
Which doth refuſe our yoake and domination.

O! is not this a brood of *Vipers* vile?
Yea are not theſe the very *Spawne* of *Hell?*
And *Plutoes Locuſts* full of fraud and guile,
The *Furies* of *Auernus* fierce and fell:
Satan their Fathers foot-ſteps t'imitate,
By ſword and fire Vertue to ruinate?

From whoſe moſt damned counſell and deuiſe
They *Spider*-like this *Stygian* poyſon ſuckt,
Which treacherous *Fanks* that veſſell full of Vice,
To vs t' adminiſter, they did inſtruct:
Doubtleſſe the *Diuell* was not a little glad,
That he ſo rich a prey and purchaſe had.

For to his ancient friend doth *Pluto* ſay,
O *Fauks* thou ſeeſt th'effect of our intentions,
How *I* to thee did ſhew and open lay
Hels ſecrets, hidden counſell, ſtrange inuentions,
Nor ſhall we without ſome conſorts returne,
Vnto blacke *Tartar* where ſoules ſcorch and burne.

Indeede, I muſt confeſſe, we did expect
A greater harueſt, farre more company:
But this ſhall now ſuffice, and wee'le erect
Vnto our ſelues *trophies* of victory
For this attempt, *Fortune* heereafter may
Grant vs a time, more miſcheefe to diſplay.

And to the full our counſell to contriue:
Yea all our new found ſtratagems to try,
Nor ſhall this fact *Hels* counſell quite depriue
Of future hopes: *Hell* is not yet drawen dry,
Our coffers are not empty; yet, indeede,
This laſt, did all our others farre exceede.

Yet many *tuns* of treachery remaine,
And deepe deceipt, which are not yet abroach,
Which future times ſhall taſte of to their paine,
As faſt as we in fauour can encroach, (bold,
Hos, ô Rem magne cauete. With our choice friends in Court, *Romes* champions
For theſe are they, which all our hopes vphold.

This ſayd, to *Iuſtice* he doth leaue them all,
No other *comfort* then *diſconſolation*
From *Pluto* they receiue: a thing vſuall
To ſubtill *Sathan*, who by's inſtigation
Note this. Doth cauſe men ſinne, and when they are to die,
Comfortleſſe leaues them in moſt miſerie.

Oh therefore, you, whoſe hearts and ſences all
Are thus bewitcht by *Circes* poyſonous potion:
With loue of *Romes* great *Whore*, recall, recall
Your vnderſtanding, from this blinde deuotion:
Abiure that doctrine, ceaſe to call them bleſt,
In whom ſuch maps of miſcheefe are expreſt.

Learne

Learne with *relenting* teares, *repenting* hart,
Romes ſubtill *Syrens*, iuggling *Iebuſites*
Farre from you to repell, with ſpeede depart
From *Magogs* curſed markes, meere *Canaanites*,
O take vnto you *Chriſts Collyrium* ſweet,
And you ſhall ſee how they from truth doe fleet.

Yea, you ſhall then perſpicuouſly perceiue,
That they true *Faith* doe impiouſly peruert:
And notwithſtanding that, they will not leaue,
Gods Saints with malice on all ſides to girt;
Afflicting them with dangers and deſpight,
Yet ſhall the iuſt preuaile and ſtand vpright.

For why, both *Chriſt* and all the heauenly hoaſt.
Yea euen the *ſtars*, according to their kinde,
Doe fight for them, whereof they well may boaſt,
Yea day and night, they heauens protection finde:
Oh why doth man then Chriſts true Church diſturb?
Since Heauen reſiſts him and his wrath doth curb.

Thee, thee, ô *England*, I may happy call,
Thou little *Iſle*, whom father *Neptunes* waue
And mighty ſtreames embrace, I moſt of all
May terme moſt fortunate, if thou couldſt haue
A perfect knowledge of thy bleſt eſtate,
Or Heau'ns rich mercies wouldſt commemorate.

If in the tables of a thankefull hart,
And regiſters of neuer ending dayes,
Thou wouldſt imprint, impreſſe, to all impart
The endleſſe, matchleſſe due deſerued praiſe
Of thy ereliuing, all-good-giuing *King*,
Which *ſtill* doth *fill* thy heart with each good thing.

Oh ſay, how oft? and from what great aſſaults,
Hath Heau'ns protection ſafely thee protected?
Which were brought on thee for thy greeuous faults,
God in his mercy hauing thee reſpected:
And when thou waſt in danger almoſt drown'd,
Thy proud preſumptuous foes he did confound.

Witneſſe

Witneſſe that great aſſault in *Eighty eight*,
When as the *faithleſſe Spaniard*, impious, proud,
Inſulting and *conſulting* with great hate,
Our fearefull, finall, fatall ruine vow'd,
And their great madneſſe to this paſſe had brought,
That *Engliſh Seas* with *Spaniſh* ſhips were fraught.

So huge a Nauy had they then prouided,
Like that of *Xerxes* 'gainſt th' *Athenians* bolde:
And by *ſuch* bloody *Champions* ſtrongly guided,
That had not *God* their cruelty controul'd,
And ſent vs two *Themiſtocles* moſt ſtout,
Braue *Englands* luſtre had beene cleane put out.

For ſtout *Lord Howard* and Sr. *Francis Drake*,
By heau'ns aſſiſtance, fought ſo valiantly:
That at the length they made their proud foes quake,
And (maugre all their power) to yeeld or dy:
And captiuated many *Captaines* great,
The reſt the *Seas* deuour'd for fiſhes meat.

Great was the *Lord*, in this great victory;
And great his mercy, that time to thee ſhowne,
In this great freedome thy bleſt liberty,
Calming *vn-ciuill-ciuill* diſcords growne:
Lopping their ſprigs, *cropping* them in the flower,
That they could nere take root or raging power.

How often hath the Lord from thee with-held
His *all-deuouring* plague and peſtilence?
Whoſe great mortalitie hath kill'd and quell'd
Men of the higheſt place and eminence:
Without reſpect of ſimple or of ſage,
Of Cottage, or of Palace, ſex or age,

Inſteede of famines foule deformitie,
He hath in thee plac't riuers which doe flow
With mike and hony, the bleſt harmony
Of *peace* and *plenty*, yea this *Land* doth ſhow
Like fertile *Canaan*, no Land ere did finde
Dame *Natures* bounty in like various kinde.

Yea,

Yea thou, ô *England*, iuſtly ſeem'ſt to bee
Another world, all things afreſh renude
A pleaſant *Paradiſe*, wherein's the *Tree*
Of *Knowledge*, wherewith thou art richly indude:
Wherewith, I ſay, thou do'ſt all *Nations* paſſe,
As farre as *Chryſtall* doth thicke ſpotted *glaſſe*.

And for to make thy glory more compleat,
Thy *bliſſe* and *bleſſednesſe* more cleere to ſhine:
The *Lord* hath giuen thee *Manna Angels* meat,
The glorious *Sun-ſhine* of his Word diuine:
His euerlaſting *Goſpell*, light of *Grace*
Moſt precious pearle, which *Wiſdome* doth purchaſe.

Whoſe moſt vnualuable eſtimation,
Doth more ſurpaſſe the gold and ſiluer faire,
The precious iewels, iems of *Indies Nation*,
Or wealthy treaſure of *Arabia* rare:
Then doth bright *Phœbus* in his glorious light,
The brightneſſe paſſe of twinckling ſtarres by night.

Doe but compare this thy beatitude,
With other Nations want and wofull caſe,
Who are even pined with th'amaritude
Of foggy *ignorance* and *errour* baſe,
Liuing (alas) in beaſt-like wretchedneſſe,
As in the ſhade of death moſt comfortleſſe.

Without the knowledge either of *God* or *Chriſt*,
Without whoſe knowledge all's but dirt and droſſe:
And worſhipping inſteed of *God* the high'ſt,
Vnto their ſoules perdition, fearefull loſſe,
Dumbe *Idols*, rotten timber, mettals vile,
Which vnderfoot they ſhould tread and defile.

And as i'th' daies of our *fore-fathers* deere,
In *Ægypt*, in the Land of *Goſhen* ſmall,
Gods loue to *Iſrael* cheefely did appeere:
So hath the *Lord* bleſt *England* moſt of all.
And farre before all others in thee placed
The light of *Iuſtice*, wherewith thou art graced.

Raigning downe ſhowers of heauenly *Nectar* ſweet,
Farre richer then *Danaes* rich golden *ſhower*:
Making his *word* a Lanthorne to thy feet,
Guarding thy ſoule with his celeſtiall power,
Giuing thee all things to thy hearts deſire,
Needefull or neceſſary to require.

So that thou mayeſt, now freely thus confeſſe,
To heau'ns high honour, and thy hearts content:
That *God* to thee more mercy doth expreſſe,
Than t'any Nation in *Earths* continent: (finde,
Wherefore ſince thou heauens bleſſings thus do'ſt
Proue not ingratefull, churliſh or vnkinde.

Be not more blinde then *earth-deuouring moles*,
Nor more vnthankefull than the ſluttiſh *Swine*,
Who feede on fruit, which from the tree downe roles,
Thither whence 't fell, nere caſting vp their eyne,
Not caring how they came by't, nor doe thou
Receiue *Gods* bleſſings, careleſſe whence, or how.

Shake off, and ſhun ſuch great impiety:
Such groſſe ingratitude and brutiſhneſſe,
And let your tongues to all poſterity
With thankefull hearts acknowledge and confeſſe
The moſt admired leaſt deſerued fauour
Of thy ſo gracious *God* ſo ſweet a *Sauiour*.

Who plenteouſly repleniſheth and fills
Thy ſoule with bleſſings of his bleſt right hand:
Sweet drops of mercy daily he diſtills
Vpon thy head, who doth as *Guardian* ſtand,
And doth *refell, repell* the dangers great
Which furious foes doe menace, worke, or threat.

Snatching the prey from foorth their hungry iawes,
Thruſting them headlong into their owne pit:
Recouering it from their moſt bloody clawes,
And tearing teeth, wherewith they would haue bit,
Nay vtterly haue ſwallowed at one meale,
Our *Kingdome, King, Peeres, Prophets, Common-weale.*

Which

Which hath thee blest with amiable *Peace*,
Euen such as our olde *Ancestours* nere knew:
Nor to our childrens childrens ioies encrease
Is likely to be seene, or ere ensue:
Yea *God* alone hath giuen vs this great rest,
And his great loue thus largely hath exprest.

That *God* (I say) whose maiesty and might,
Whose greatnesse, goodnesse, iustice, works of wonder,
The heau'ns, the earth, seas and each breathing wight,
Raine, haile, frost, snow, lowd-winds, lightning & thun-
Doe mightily shew foorth, tell and declare, (der,
What *Heathen God*, with *thy God* may compare?

He is thy *Sauiour*, Sheild and Buckler strong,
To him, both for thy being and blest estate,
Doth all thankesgiuing, praise and laud belong:
Whose tender mercy most compassionate,
Whose patience and whose power infinite,
To future times all people shall recite.

Oh let vs then, ô let vs neuer cease,
In heart and voyce his praises to record,
Yea on lowd trumpets let his praise increase,
In Hymnes and Psalmes, ô laud the liuing *Lord*:
Proclaime his *fame* to th' *Hyperborean* coasts,
To those whose clime continuall *Summer* rosts.

Let *Phœbus* first leaue off his annuall course,
And *Phœbe* want her monthly borrowed light:
Let *Neptune* stop the *Oceans* billowing source,
And *Nature* want in all things wonted might:
Yea *Lord*, then let vs cease to be, we pray:
When in obliuion we thy mercies lay.

But, doubtlesse, if this duty we neglect,
Like those ingratefull *Lepers* of King *Saul*,
The *Lord* most iustly will our sinnes correct,
And on our heads his heauy hands will fall:
Nothing the *Lord* can worse endure or hate,
Than thankelesse persons, and the minde vngrate.

The *Husband-man*, which plenteouſly doth ſow,
The greater harueſt iuſtly may expect:
The *Land* where nought but thornes and thiſtles grow,
Though well manur'd, no man doth much reſpect:
Since *God* hath giuen, he looketh to receiue:
Oh lets take heede how we our duty leaue.

Did *God* with greeuous puniſhments afflict
His holy off-ſpring, faithfull *Abrahams* ſeede?
When they themſelues to folly did addict,
And him forget, that did them ſo long feede,
Abuſing his moſt gracious clemency,
His patience, loue, and ſweet facility.

If his peculiar people he not ſpar'd,
Who firſt his lawes and worſhip did enioy:
If thus for their ingratitude it far'd,
That they were ſmitten with ſuch dire annoy:
Alas, what madneſſe ſhould the *Gentile* mooue?
To thinke that *God* doth him more highly approoue.

And ſince he hath cut downe his choiſeſt vine,
Think'ſt thou the fruitleſſe *wilde oliue* ſhall ſtand?
Oh no, it ſoone ſhall wither, rot and pine,
Like to our *Sauiours fig-tree* out of hand:
And thou whom *God* hath thus with graces bleſt:
If thankeleſſe, ſhalt with dangers be diſtreſt.

Yea, multitudes of miſcheefes will thee follow,
And troopes of bloody *Traytours* daily ſtriue,
Thee in the iawes of treaſon vp to ſwallow,
Of life and liberty thee to deprriue.
Wherefore, that thou (ô *England*) ſtill mayſt haue
Gods friendly fauour, thee from foes to ſaue:

Preach and proclaime, with heart, tongue, pen & voice,
With thankes and praiſe, each houre, month and yeare,
Yea, teach thy childrens children to reioyce,
For this ſo great deliuerance. And to beare
A deadly hatred, zealous deteſtation,
Of *Romes* falſe *Doctrines*, foule abhomination.

FINIS.

A Pſalme of thankeſgiuing for *Englands* moſt bleſſed deliuerance from the moſt horrible intended *Powder-Treaſon* practiſed by the *Synagogue* of *Satan* the *Romiſh Babilonians*.

Pſal. 123. { *King* DAVID *againſt the Philiſtins*. / *King* IAMES *againſt the Anti-chriſtians*.

NOW may *England*
confeſſe, and ſay truely,
If that the *Lord*
had not our cauſe maintain'd:
If that the *Lord*,
had not our right ſuſtain'd:
When *Antichriſt*
againſt vs furiouſly
Made his proud bragg,
and ſaid we ſhould all die.

Not long agoe
they had deuour'd vs all,
And ſwallowed quicke,
for ought that we could deeme:
Such was their rage,
as we might well eſteemd:
And as the flouds,
with mighty force doe fall:
So had they then
our liues euen brought to thrall.

Our *King* and *Queene*,
the *Prince* and Princely *race*,
Their *Counſell* graue,
and cheefe *Nability*:
The Learned *Iudges*,

and tribe of *Leui*:
With all the prudent
Stateſmen of this *Land*,
By *Powder fierce*,
had periſhed out of hand.

The raging ſtreames,
of *Rome* with roaring noiſe,
Had with great woe
ore-whelm'd vs in the deepe,
But bleſſed *Lord*,
thou didſt vs ſafely keepe:
From bloudy teeth,
and their deuouring iawes:
Which as a prey,
had griped vs in their clawes.

But, as a bird
out of the *Fowlers* grin
Eſcapes away,
right ſo it far'd with vs:
Broke were their nets,
and we haue ſcaped thus:
God that made heau'n
and earth, is our helpe then:
His mercy ſaued vs
from theſe wicked men.

Oh let vs therefore,
with all thanks and praiſe,
Sing ioyfully;
to *Chriſt* our heau'nly *King*
Whoſe wiſedome high,
this fact to light did bring:
Grant then O *Lord*
we do thee humbly pray,
Wee may accord,
to praiſe thy name alway.

An Epigram againſt *Ieſuites*, the *Principall diſturbers of* Peace, *the* Authors and *Firebrands* of *Sedition* and *Trechery* throughout the *World*:

OR,

The Romiſh White Deuill.

THE *Fatall Siſters* Latine *Poets* call
Parcæ, though *Parcunt nulli* they kill all:
And *Latiniſts* the thicke Wood *Lucus* write,
Ceu nunquam lucens wherein comes no light.
Bellum fierce warre, is by them vnderſtood:
Ceu nunquam bonum as nere being good.
And by the ſame *Antiphraſis*, of late
The *Ieſuites* to themſelues appropriate
The ſacred name of *Ieſus*, though their workes
Declare their liues, to be farre worſe than *Turkes*.
Heauens *lightneſſe*, *brightneſſe* differs not ſo great,
From droſſie vaporous *Earth*: nor *Southerne* heat
To *Northren chilling*, *killing* froſts ſo farre
Are different: nor from *Lara*, th' *Articke* ſtarre
Is more remote than this ranke of Make-ſhifts,
(Whoſe hatefull life, craft, practiſe, ſubtill drifts
To all men are apparent) are vnlike
To Chriſt, or Ieſus doctrine: if y' outſtrike
But euen their name, and doe their workes behould,
Their beſt part then, will proue but droſſe to gould.

Qui cum Ieſu itis non itis cum Ieſuitis.

Doe

Doe *Thornes* beare *Grapes*? or *figges* on *thiſtles* grow?
Or the hard *Oake* yeeld tender fruit? O noe.
The *tree* by's fruit may manifeſted be
On good *trees good*, on *ill* we bad fruit ſee.
The *Ieſuites* doctrine, who to know doth liſt,
5. *Dees*. It doth of 5. *Dees* certainely conſiſt:
In *Daunting* ſubiects, and *Diſſimulation*,
Depoſe, *Diſpoſing*, Kings, Realmes, and *Deſtruction*.
Whether the *Ieſuites* come more neere to thoſe
Which beare the Armes of *Chriſt*, or *Mars* with blowes
It is a queſtion, but with eaſe diſcided:
As thus, *Chriſts* ſouldiers euer are prouided
Of theſe bleſt weapons, *Teares*, *Prayers*, *Patience*,
Theſe *foile* and *ſpoile* their foes with heau'nly fence.
But *Daggers*, *Dags*, keene *Swords*, *Poyſons*, *Deceit*,
Cloſe *fawning*, *treaſons*, *wiles*, to couzen and cheate.
Theſe are the *Ieſuites Armes*, and with theſe *Arts*
The *Pope* to *Deifie*, they play their parts.
Nor *Faith*, nor *Piety* their followers haue,
They diuelliſhly againſt *Truth* rage and raue.
How fit thoſe armes *Loiolaes* brats beſeeme,
Britaine can witneſſe, and the whole world deeme.
Ile paſſe by other ſleights, all in *this one*,
In this great *Powder-treaſon* all were ſhowne.
Bluſh, bluſh, (O *Ieſuites*) *England* knowes too well,
Your Counſell furthered moſt this worke of *Hell*.
Yea, impious *Garnet* for the *traitors* pray'd,
Prickt and puſht forward thoſe he might haue *ſtaid*:
Being acceſſary to this damn'd intent,
Which with one word this *Ieſuite* might preuent.
Such barbarous *traitors*, and ſtrange treachery
To hide, and ſilence, is groſſe villany:
* *Gentem auferte, &c.* But oh, with * Orizons, *God* to implore
To grant ſucceſſe, oh ſpeake, was ere before
In all the world like wickednes ere knowne?
In any age ſuch Monſters ſeene or ſhowne?
Which, with religious ſhowes ſhelter foule Crimes,
With *Vertues* cloake, hiding them oft, oft times,

And

And then, oh then, I tremble to declare,
Calling the *Lord* of *Heau'n* with them to ſhare
In this foule fact: nor yet heerewith content,
To offer Heau'n this high diſparagement:
But that they act more groſſe impiety,
If any can be worſe, t' Heauens *Deity*.
Theſe ſacrilegious *traters* falſly thinke,
No ſurer bands themſelues to tye and linke
To ſecrecy, and reſolution ſtrong,
Than thereunto blaſphemouſly to wrong,
Our *Sauiours* glorious body and bloud alſo,
To their *eternall* and *infernall* woe
And who ſo impious? ſo audacious bould?
In 's wretched hand the *Euchariſt* to hould,
Who was ſo godleſſe, who ſo graceleſſe trow?
So rich a *Pearle* vnto ſuch *Swines* to throw:
Who? but a *Prieſt*, of this ſociety,
Would'ſt know his name? twas *Gerard* certainely.
Perſwade your ſelues you holy *Fathers* all,
You haue no wrong, though you may ſay we braule,
For nought is ſpoken gainſt you but moſt right,
Then bluſh for ſhame, and hide your ſelues from ſight,
Oh heauens, oh earth, oh treacherous times & ſeaſon
Degenerous minds, and hard hearts voyd of reaſon,
Truely tis doubtfull, difficult to tell;
Whether of theſe two miſchiefes did excell:
At *one* blow bloodily ſo to confound,
The *King* and *Queene*, three *Kingdomes* ſo renown'd:
The *Nobles*, *Senate*, thus to ſtrike and ſtroy,
By *Powder* them to ſpoyle with great annoy.
Or that *Chriſts* glorious, ſacred, body and blood,
His holy, yea moſt holy Supper ſhou'd
By ſuch damn'd *vn-bidden-gueſts* be taminated:
And by this holy band conglutinated
And link't together, with ſuch vehemence
To perpetrate that *Stygian* foule pretence.
The Priſtine *Poets* vſ'd in verſe to ſing,
The noble geſts, of euery *Prince* and King,

But now tis *needfull* in this *weed-full* age,
Wherein *impiety* and *vice* doe rage,
Yea and all too too little to declare
The hatefull *times* and *crimes* which most rife are.
Whose monstrousnes to paint to publique sight,
The true relation would passe credit quite.
For to these staines, worthy eternall shame
Adde *this*: which these good *Fathers* eke did frame:
I meane *Equinocation*, which they vse,
Mens vnderstanding neatly to abuse:
Tis doubtlesse *Gyges* ring, for, heereby they
Though captiuated, can themselues conuay:
And with a tricke which *Iesuites* vse to try,
They can delude, and none can them descry:
They'le *smooth* and *sooth*, and one thing to you say,
And yet their heart goes cleane another way.
This *Ambiguity* was *Apollo's Art*,
Vnder whose name the *Diuell* play'd his part:
Euen *Tully*, may these *Popish Priests* repr'end,
By whom such *Lambs-skin* Wolues are oft condemn'd:
Who, if he now liu'd, & how's *eloquence*
Would thunder out *Loiolaes* impudence!
Satan that subtill *Serpent* did them teach,
This *lying Art*, they nere heard *Christ* so preach.
Are not these then *Romes White-Deuils?* fie for shame
Nought but bare out-sides, their best part their name.
Beleeue me, for *Christs* goulden rule most true
(If truth it be, as tis,) *this* truth doth shew.
Their inclination smells of a *Fagum*:
Or *Deuill* rather, or I'me not aliue:
What was the *Deuill?* a *Lyer*, *Homicide*:
What's he? a slie *Dissembler*, *Regicide*.
And with best reason may this *Iesuite Deuill*
Most properly be called the *Kings Euill*.
If then, affinity of manners vile,
If iust proportion of like fraud and guile,
If deeds *so* consonant and disposition
To practise greeable, may with permission

Auaile

Auaile to proue a truth: then (*Magog*) know,
Theſe doe a great part of thy warfare ſhow;
And palpably declare, to th'truely wiſe,
This off-ſpring did from thee their *Father* riſe.
Auant you *Locuſts*, hence you *Spawne of Hell*,
From whoſe *blacke ſmoake* you are deriu'd full well.
If *ſtill* you *will* the name of *Ieſus* take,
Let all men know, you doe it onely make
A *Cloake* to hide your knauery:, for you are
But *Gray Wolues* bearing in your front a ſtarre.
In ſtead of *Ieſus* take you *Iudas* name,
Your hatefull liues, will beſt befit the ſame:
For by your workes we perfectly doe finde,
No part with *Chriſt* is vnto you aſſign'd.

An Epitaph dedicated to the neuer-ending memory of that Illuſtrious ſecond *Alexander*, Prince HENRIE, that glorious *day-ſtarre* of *Britaines* comfort, too ſoone hid from vs by the cloud of *Gods* wrath: that moſt odoriferous *flower* of *Englands Hope*, too ſuddenly nipt by the chilling froſt of Heauens *high diſpleaſure*.

Ex Epic: Canta:

A Three fould *Mother* God thee gaue
O Princely Youth
A Royall *Queene*, the *Church*, the *Graue*
Which caus'd our Ruth.

The *Church* thy *Mother* in her *Lappe*
the *Queene* in *Wombe*
The *Graue* in *Clay* thy Corps doth wrap
in *Princely* Tombe
The *Church* thee made a heau'nly *Saint*
a *Prince* the *Queene*
A *Life-leſſe Corps Earth* doth depaint
thee to be ſeene.
In *Church* eterniz'd is thy *Name*
* SHEE doth deplore
Thy *Loſſe*. From *Graue* to *Heauens* high Frame,
thou * *once* ſhalt ſoare.

* *The Queene.*

* *Namely when the body as well as the ſoule, ſhall liue eternally in heauen.*

Another of the ſame.

Ex eodem ad eundem.

* *As the fire or torch giue, heat and light to others, but conſume themſelues.*

HENRY the * *Heat* of All, ah, his owne *fire*,
HENRY braue *Mars* his *Sonne*, graue *Arts* ſweet *Sire*,
HENRY *Arts Nourceling*, and great *Mars* his *Maſter*,
HENRY our *Glory*, but by *Death*, *Diſaſter*;
HENRY *Romes Terrour*, whole *Worlds Admiration*;
HENRY our *Day-Starre*, and *Suns Deprauation*,
HENRY the *Glory* of the *Henries* all;
HENRY, *nought* greeu'd vs, as thy *Funerall*;
HENRY the *Ninth* was Hee? nay *Nine* in *One*
In HENRY di'de, the more's our greefe and moane.

A ſuc-

A ſuccinct Memoriall *of that matchleſſe* Mirrour *of Princely* Royalty, *that* Queene *of* Vertue, Patroneſſe *of Chriſtian* Piety, *and* Patterne *of moſt worthy imitable* Vertues, *and endowments of* Grace *and* Goodnes, Angelicall ELIZABETH, *late* Queene *of* England.

Behold the Pourtract of faire *Vertues Queene*,
Rare *Paragon* of *Time*, by *Fame* ſtill ſeene,
Sweet *Nurſe* of *Loue*, graue *Wiſdomes Darling* deere,
Religions Fortreſſe, *Fortitudes* cheefe *Peere*,
Chaſtities Lamp, *Faiths Nourceling*, *Charitie*,
Conſtancies Bulwarke, *Gemme* of *Pietie*:
Delights faire *Arbour*, *Pleaſures Palace* rare,
Where ſubiects hearts were freed from woe and care:
The *Flower* whoſe *top*, fowle *Enuy* nere could *crop*,
The *Tree* whoſe boughes, *Traytours* could neuer lop.
A pious *Deborah* to ouerthrow
Proud *Siſera* of *Rome*, *Chriſts* mitred *foe*.
The *Vine* whoſe iuyce, t'hir ſubiects comfort gaue,
The *Roſe* of *England* flouriſhing moſt braue.
To whom faire *Venus* deigneth to giue place,
As to the *Mirrour* of *Perfections Grace*.
Whoſe princely, Noble, and Heroick mind,
Bids bold *Semiramis* come farre behind.
Not chaſte *Diana* with her *Nymphs* moſt faire,
With chaſte *Eliza* dare attempt compare.
Whoſe learning, wit, and knowledge moſt profound,
Parnaſſus Nymphs with great applauſe reſound.
Whoſe *Amity*, what *King* did not deſire?
What potent *Nation* dreaded not her ire?
What puiſſant *Keiſar* could her courage quell?
Who ere in ought *Eliza* could excell?
On whom as *hand-maids Peace* and *Plenty* tended,
Whoſe *life* in *glory* led, in *glory* ended,
And though grim *Death* hath robd vs of this treaſure,
And *Shee* an *Angell* in celeſtiall pleaſures:
Yet ſtill on *earth* her neuer-dying *name*
Shall propagated be by ſounding *fame*.

An Ænigmaticall Riddle, which OEDIPVS himselfe can scarcely resolue.

A Bird of late,
When Birds could prate,
Sayd, black's the Crow.
The Crow replyde,
Tolde him he lyde,
And 'twas not so.
Mine eyes, quoth he,
Shall witnesse be,
That I am faire;
The Swan so white,
And Snow full bright,
Fowle to me are.
The Bird againe,
Laughing amaine,
Said, strange 'tis not.
For why, one's eye
Cannot espy
The staine and spot,
Which it owne face
Doth much disgrace,
And vilifie.
This matter straite
To arbitrate,
The Eagle high
Their King they moone:
Who soone doth proone
This folly great.

A Mirrour *faire*
Bids them prepare,
Both large and neat:
The Crow *it tooke,*
Therein to looke,
Whereon he gaz'd.
On's ſhape moſt true,
And proper hew,
Which he ſo prais'd.
Then with great ſhame,
He much did blame
His owne bleare eyes:
And all thereby,
Did laugh full high,
And's pride deſpiſe.

This Riddle, if thou canſt reſolue, thou ſhalt Apollo *be,*
Or elſe another Oedipus, *faire* Phyllis *take't to thee,*

Laus ſoli ſit Domino.

FINIS.